

COLLIER'S

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DRAWN BY CORNELIA GREENOUGH

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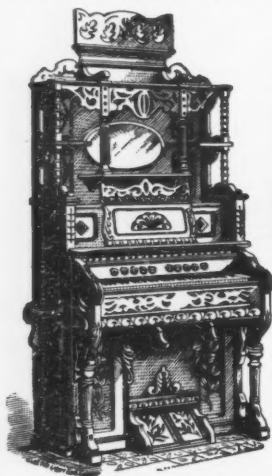
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THE PRESIDENT CONTINUES TO BELABOR THE trusts and the trusts retaliate through their newspaper organs as sharply as they dare. The New England speeches have angered and frightened the capitalists, who were once the mainstay of the Republican campaign fund, and those among them who were originally Democrats are trying to find a way to return to their old allegiance. One great Western "captain," whose check was the regular nucleus for the funds to conduct Mr. Cleveland's canvasses, but who transferred his affection and his subscription to the Republicans when Mr. Bryan was nominated, has announced that he will give more than he ever gave before to the Democrats if they nominate a "safe man." Mr. Pierpont Morgan is believed to feel very bitterly toward the President on account of the Northern Securities suit and the New England addresses. By a curious turn in events Senator Hanna has become an unwelcome visitor to Wall Street. In the house of his old friends he is denounced as accessory to Mr. Roosevelt's assaults on "organized capital." In his case there is a specific as well as a general cause for bad feeling. He is accused of directly fomenting the present hard coal strike. Indeed some of his former associates declare he urged Mr. Mitchell to bring about the strike with the purpose of helping his own business. Mr. Hanna is a miner of soft coal. Wall Street hints at documentary proof that while pretending to be in sympathy with the mine operators, Mr. Hanna was writing letters to the miners encouraging them to strike on the ground that "the public could stand a raise in the price of hard coal."

BUT HOWEVER DISTASTEFUL THE PRESIDENT'S speeches may be to the gentlemen of lower New York, they have been received with the warmest approval by the public. As the "Independent" says, he "holds the people." The only point upon which the country seems to be sceptical is the President's failure to mention the tariff as a means of combating the trusts. Publicity and government supervision are good enough in their way, but fretful and impatient people in the West, who are humiliated and scandalized by the formation of trusts like the combinations the daily press so persistently pursues "to the death," so to speak, demand a more direct and immediate attack on the enemy. They feel sure that cutting off the special tariff privileges of the trusts would bring sudden death to the trust evil. But thus far Mr. Roosevelt, whose experience in Washington apparently has made him shy of the fatal tariff question, has shown no sign of heeding their appeal.

A WELL-KNOWN MAGAZINE EDITOR HAS AROUSED some discussion in the newspapers by a gloomy article on the style of modern writers. It is always easier to be gloomy than to be gay, especially about contemporary literature, but this editor man is almost too sad. He says the magazines are full of rubbish. The editors can't buy anything else. Nothing else is for sale. Our writers need a new style. They ought to keep pace with "industrial development." That is to say, we suppose, they ought to write like steam. "The man who would write convincingly of things of our day must write with more directness, with more clearness, with greater nervous force." We see here the influence of "industrial development" on a literary man's brain. The iron-monger or promoter likes these qualities, and his editor necessarily respects the judgment of a successful man. But, after all, is a lack of "directness, clearness and nervous force" the blemish on contemporary writing? We should say exactly the opposite was true. A good many of our writers are as direct and clear and nervously forceful as a steam shovel, and as uninteresting. They are as afraid of a figure of speech as if they were accountants for the steel trust. They'll never "follow where airy voices lead." Trope-shy and fearful of fine writing, they will not blunder on to immortality as Keats did. If this is what Mr. Page wants, he has enough of it in his basket for rejected manuscripts to make a happy man of him.

BUT, GENERALLY SPEAKING, WE SHOULD SAY there is no good cause for melancholy about contemporary writing. As of old when a man has something to say he says it well. The style is the man and what the man has to say. Nothing important ever came badly dressed from an author's brain. If the magazines harm at all they do it by encouraging young people to write before they have anything to say. We may be permitted to express the belief that, generally speaking, magazine writing is better than it used to be. Let Mr. Page compare the rubbish of our day with the rubbish of Fraser's or the Cornhill, and he will have

a better opinion of his contemporaries and a more cheering view of the future. And let him remember, above all things, that the manufacture of literature and the manufacture of steel billets are in no sense comparable trades.

THE EUROPEAN PRESS HAS BEEN GIVING OUR navy some attention of late, and we are advised by one of our friends of the London press that we must have a sea force stronger than that of Germany or France. This apparently is Mr. Roosevelt's notion also. In his speech at Proctor, Vt., on Labor Day, the President said: "We have formulated the Monroe Doctrine. If our formulation consists simply of statements on the stump or on paper, they are not worth the breath that utters them or the paper on which they are written. Remember that the Monroe Doctrine will be respected as long as we have a first-class efficient navy, and not very much longer. . . . Shame on us if we assert the Monroe Doctrine and then if our assertion shall be called in question we show that we have only made an idle boast, that we are not prepared to back up our words by deeds." This is so like the Roosevelt of old that it has caused some uneasiness; but no one who knows how deeply interested the President has always been in naval problems, and how firmly fixed has become his belief in a large navy, could believe that he would let his term pass without a great effort to permanently increase our sea forces. It is the one point upon which it was safe to prophesy when he took the oath of office. It is interesting to note that while he speaks like a preacher when he discusses trusts, when he talks about the navy he talks like a warrior and uses the very forms of expression that were characteristic of his early strenuousness. It would take something more than a Presidency to make him a man of peace.

THE JOINT ARMY AND NAVY MANŒUVRES began with a set-back for the navy. The ships started well by capturing and laying waste Block Island and by destroying a cable station at Woods Hole. But when they attempted to pass Forts Michie, Wright and Terry the guns of the forts theoretically punched them to pieces. Some of the daily newspapers are disposed to insinuate that the failure of the first attempt was due to the fact that at the very beginning of the "war," when Jack was supposed to be thinking only of his flag and his country, he gave a party on board the flagship to the Duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Harry Lehr, among others. Afternoon tea is magnificent, but it is not war. The army remained sternly aloof from these gayeties and New London was saved. This suggests a new use for Newport and its society. In case of war they may find the beguilement of the enemy a patriotic duty as well as a pleasure while our stout artillerymen are preparing their defences.

THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS RECENTLY was asked to refuse to send back two negro fugitives from justice on a requisition from the Governors of South Carolina and North Carolina on the ground that the men would be lynched immediately upon their return. It is to the credit of Governor Crane's good sense that he ignored this plea and promptly honored the requisition. How could he do anything else? Possibly the petitioners for the criminals recalled the case of the Indiana Governor who refused to return a Kentucky fugitive, apparently for the sole reason that the man was of the Indiana Governor's own party and was accused of a political murder. But that was a precedent which it would be odious to follow.

DEATH-DEALING MONT PELÉE AND TREACHEROUS Soufrière are again making trouble in the West Indies. Up to date many deaths are reported as the result of the eruptions which began with the first days of this month. This time the poor Caribs, black and yellow, appear to be the greatest sufferers—as all the white islanders have emigrated to more salubrious climes. Poor Caribs! Nature must "have it in" for this most picturesque people. For them truly the end of the world is at hand. Let us trust their white brothers will help them bear their sorrows.

IT IS GOOD TO KNOW THAT EUROPEAN PUBLIC sentiment with regard to the treatment of beasts is undergoing a change for the better. The other day a "military ride" from Ostend to Brussels was undertaken by a number of army officers. The German Emperor refused to permit German officers to enter, but sixty French and Belgian cavalrymen and one English officer joined in the contest, which was especially arranged, apparently, to exercise the cruelty

of the riders. They were not allowed to have remounts. Most of the horses were killed by exhaustion or by murderous spurring. A few years ago this brutal performance would have passed without comment. But even in France, where horses are the victims of almost inconceivable cruelty at the hands of vicious drivers, a vigorous protest has been made by the humane societies and by the public generally. All over the Continent the work of the humane societies has been effective, and in no place more so than in Italy, which once was full of horrors for travellers of humane disposition. France is still comparatively the dark spot on the map of these societies, but even France has begun to feel scruples about the treatment of animals. Visitors to Paris have remarked an improvement in the customs of those churlish rascals, the Paris cabmen. But in reproving the viciousness of the Belgian racers, we ought not to forget that a 600-mile "cowboy race" has been arranged in honor of the President's visit to Omaha—a doubtful honor to a true sportsman with all the sportsman's affection for the horse. It is bound to be cruel; it cannot have any useful purpose; it should be looked into by the authorities.

THE LONDON "TIMES" ISSUES A WORD OF WARNING to our enthusiastic financiers. Good harvests may save them, but "unless we are to accept the new-fangled doctrine that in some mysterious way economic laws need not be taken into account where America is concerned, the present state of things and the present fashion of finance cannot continue forever. Mere magnitude of resources, however dazzling to the unthinking, will not save their owner from embarrassment or worse, if he allows his liabilities to grow in excess of them." This is as much as to say that our financiers are in danger of "overplaying their hand." There is no doubt about that. We do not have to go so far away from home to learn the truth. It seems to be in the nature of man to overproduce when there is a broad market, to overbuy and to overborrow. This is the chief contributing factor to the making of those cycles of business elation and depression whose duration political economists have been trying for years to calculate with accuracy. But how does the London "Times" know our liabilities are greater than our resources? They may be, but no one can say they are when the resources are not a fixed quantity in the problem. Two years ago every European financial writer predicted a general business smash in this country. Instead of disaster there came a period of unprecedented profit. The country may be at this moment near a serious set-back. But there are no signs that any one, even the editor of the "Times," can read with certainty. It is hardly time to set the storm signal.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR HAS ALWAYS TREATED the duelling question in a way that seemed to show a Christian nature struggling with the savage training of the army. A Lieutenant Hildebrandt was struck by a drunken brother officer at a supper. The assailant had no recollection of the offence on the following day. He wished to apologize. But the code bade Hildebrandt call him out and kill him, and he did it. The death of the unfortunate young man was made more melancholy by the fact that the duel was fought on the day set for his wedding. Hildebrandt was sentenced to imprisonment for two years to the great indignation of the pro-duellists. To the greater indignation of all men of peace the Emperor pardoned him. This action appears to have been taken by the officers of the garrison where the young man was confined as an indorsement of the duel, and they gave Hildebrandt military honors, escorting him to the station with a squadron of cavalry. Then the Emperor turned suddenly. He demanded the resignation of two high officers, dismissed a captain and a lieutenant and expelled Hildebrandt from the army. This leaves the question of the Kaiser's attitude toward duelling still in doubt. Possibly he regards it as inevitable, but discountenances too vigorous public manifestation of approval on the part of the army. The anti-duellists feel encouraged by his action. They hope he will go further and put an end to the system. It is hard for us with our notions of the relative value of human life and "honor" to understand why the code has stood so long in Germany and France, and why it is often defended by men who otherwise have capitulated to the influences of modern civilization. We might suspect that there was something more to be said in favor of duelling than we have guessed, if there were not perfect agreement between the American opinion of the code and the judgment of the most intelligent Germans. They, like ourselves, see nothing in it but a survival of mediæval savagery and an excuse for truculence on the part of military rowdies toward the civilian population.



Black Carib Boys bathing on the Coast near La Soufrière



Types of mixed-blood Carib Women living near the Volcano

THE RENEWED ACTIVITY OF PELÉE AND SOUFRIÈRE

THE LATEST eruption of the volcano of Mont Pelée, on the island of St. Martinique, and of La Soufrière, on the island of St. Vincent, would indicate that there are more internal fires in the earth seeking liberation in the West Indies. The terrible havoc which these mountains wrought some months ago is still fresh in the minds of men. Even as we go to press the details of this latest eruption are still vague, but it is apparent that thousands have perished since the volcanoes became in active eruption in the first days of September. It is a curious fact that the sufferers are almost entirely of the black and yellow race of Carib Indians, whose doom Nature has apparently pronounced, and whose home she is rapidly destroying.

As the last survivors of Indians once numbered by millions, who occupied the islands of the West Indies at the coming of Columbus, the Caribs of the Lesser Antilles possess an interest not attaching to any other people. Until the last eruption of the Soufrière, the sole surviving Indians of the West Indies were about equally divided between Dominica and St. Vincent, there being perhaps three hundred in each island. Very few of these were of pure blood, however, owing to intimate and long-continued mixture with the blacks and colored people, and there are now existing, probably, not more than a score of families that can be classed as directly descended from the ancient cannibals.

The Caribs have an original language peculiar to them alone, like any other nation, which they speak among themselves. But the men have many peculiar expressions which the women, though they understand very well, never utter; and the women have likewise their own words and phrases which

the men never use except in ridicule. These savages relate that when they came here they found the islands in possession of the Arawaks, whom they entirely destroyed, except the women, whom they married. Thus the women, having preserved their own language, taught it to their children; but the boys, above the age of five or six, although they well understand the speech of their mothers and sisters, follow their fathers and elder brothers in the formation of their language.

There is little doubt that the Caribs were anciently cannibals, but to-day such as remain alive are the most peaceful and agreeable of people. And ever since their subjugation by the French and English they have borne an excellent reputation, being quiet, far from quarrelsome, even in their cups, diligent when working for others, and dependable. In fact, they are such really reliable and lovable people that their admirable qualities must be ingrained. Just when they experienced a change of heart and ceased to eat human flesh is not known, but it was probably when the supply gave out. And, again, they could not make head against the invading foreigners armed with arquebuses and muskets. Besides, according to what an old Carib once told the writer, his great-grandfather handed down as a tradition that the flesh of the Spaniards tasted so of garlic, and that of the seventeenth-century French and English was so rank with tobacco-smoke, that there was really no pleasure in eating them.

The "Carib Country" of St. Vincent comprised—on paper—all that portion of the island on both coasts to the north of a line drawn across from the town of Chateaubelair on the leeward coast to Georgetown on the windward; but in point of fact the Caribs possessed but a small fraction of the lands.

There were two colonies: one settlement of "Black Caribs," as those were called in whom the negro blood was predominant, and another of "Yellow Caribs," who had less negro blood in their veins, and some of whom could boast an uncontaminated line of descent from cannibal ancestry.

Strange to say—and at the same time it is a reflection upon the manner in which the British have treated these brave people—the comparatively pure-blood Caribs have no reservation in tribal or individual name, but were compelled to rent land of the white proprietors of St. Vincent. Their principal settlement was at Sandy Bay, in the most secluded part of the island, at the northeast end. The Bay settlement took its name from a beach of gray sand guarded by volcanic rocks, overtopped and tapestried by tropical vegetation. The seas are heavy here on the windward coast exposed to the fierce Atlantic, and the Caribs, though expert watermen, were sometimes weeks without fish food of any kind. Around their wattled huts of palm, however, they all had gardens filled with tropical vegetables and fruits, their chief cultivation being cassava and arrowroot, for which there was a good sale.

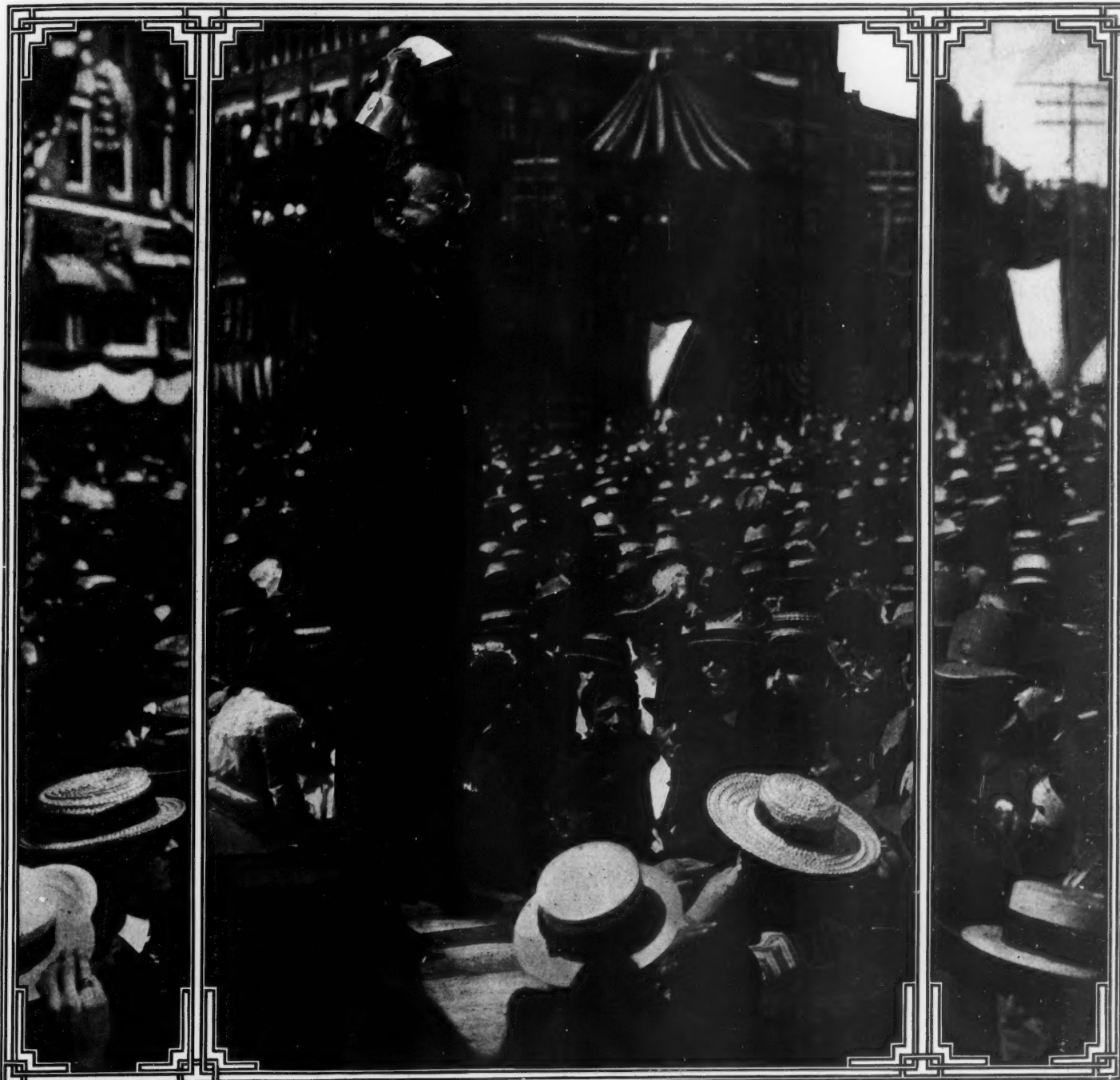
The Black Caribs lived on or near the northwesterly tip of the island, at a place called, from the shape of a high hill there, Morne Ronde. In habit and disposition they were similar to the Yellow Caribs, but there were many so black as to be hardly distinguishable from negroes. Both settlements were on the slopes of the volcano, from the Yellow Caribs' country the great Soufrière resembling a gigantic lion couchant. With lava rivers descending both flanks of the volcano, and their escape cut off by sea, it may well be believed that all perished in the great "Terror."

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Morne Rouge Fugitives collected at the "Mountain End" of a Street leading away from Mt. Pelée

A "STANDING MENACE" TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TRUST



President Roosevelt speaking on sundry questions of public welfare, at Haverhill, Mass., during his recent trip through the New England States, a few days previous to the collision with a trolley car, between Pittsfield and Lenox, in which the President was injured and Secret Service Agent Craig was killed, by being thrown from the President's coach

THE REUNION OF THE MULTITUDINOUS SMITH FAMILY



"Uncle" Abe Smith, the Oldest Member

The Smiths' Picnic—The Luncheon on the Grass

A few of the Family

On August 27 the twenty-seventh annual reunion of the "Smith Family" took place at the Smith homestead, an old farmhouse near Peapack, New Jersey. Many thousands of "Smiths" journeyed thither from various States. The majority were descendants of the old and original Smith family of New Jersey

NEW PORTRAITS OF STARS OF THE COMING DRAMATIC SEASON



JOHN DREW

MARGARET DALE

HELEN GRANTLEY

VIRGINIA HARNED

MARGARET GORDON

W. H. CRANE

NEW PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE AMERICAN dramatic season of 1902-1903—vaunted by theatrical managers as a banner season—may be said to have opened with a bang in New York. While the most successful musical comedies of the summer were still playing on the roof gardens and at the beaches, New York's downtown theatres had already flung wide their doors to crowds of play-goers. The early attractions were all more or less serious plays. First to open was the Academy of Music—one of New York's largest theatres—with "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a rustic New England play, founded on Charles Felton Pidgin's story with the same title. The heroine in this play is a blind girl, whose eyes are finally made to see by the hero—Quincy Adams Sawyer, a visitor from the city, concerning whom "the village gossips wondered who he was, what he was, what he came for, and how long he intended to stay." When he had won the heroine they discovered that he intended to stay for good. The most attractive scene in the play is a New England husking bee, with its customary rounds of kisses and a funny episode of two country lovers sitting down on a newly lettered signboard.

Within a few days after "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the Fourteenth Street Theatre, another downtown house, opened with "Robert Emmet," a new Irish drama by Mr. Brandon Tynan, who appeared in the title rôle. This play is evidently intended as a centennial commemoration to Irishmen, founded as it is on one of the most stirring episodes of the "days of 1803," when Robert Emmet was implicated in a plot to let Napoleon effect a landing in Ireland. The most effective scene of this play is in the last act when Robert Emmet is on trial for his life and the Irish rebels fight their way to where he is confined. His lady love, Sarah Curran, unbinds the prisoner's hands and the young patriot leaps through a window to the courtyard. The girl is held as a hostage. One of the rebels lights a fuse to blow up the court-house, whereupon Emmet returns and cuts the fuse. With all its serious moments the melodrama abounds in humorous Irish by-play, which in itself should be enough to ensure a long run for "Robert Emmet."

Not to be outdone by the serious ambitions of these two

plays, the Jewish Thalia Theatre, far downtown on the Bowery in New York, opened its season with "Hamlet."

Next came the comedies. Almost simultaneously three houses opened with "Sally in Our Alley," "A New Clown," and "Mrs. Jack." The first play, from its quaint title, might be supposed to be a dramatic elaboration of the pretty song from which it has borrowed its title, but "Sally" is merely the nickname of a vivacious New York girl of to-day, who lives in a shop kept by her father, "Izzy," who sells anything and everything to all manner of customers, hailing

niss, the leading character of which is a sprightly young widow of ultra-unconventional ways. The fun of the piece lies in the impossible characters, most of them adventurers, parasites and poor relations of Mrs. Jack's deceased husband, with whom the widow finds herself surrounded on coming to New York to take possession of her estate. Thanks to them and Mrs. Jack's own breezy ways, there is no lack of action or incident. There is an automobile accident which disposes of one unwelcome suitor, a blood-curdling burglary in which the villain shoots the heroine, and a final screaming farce scene in which Mrs. Jack masquerades as a wild Comanche Indian to astound an English visitor who is writing a book about America. The plot of the piece, which abounds in flashes of clever dialogue and repartee, is furnished by the late Mr. Jack's will, one of those last testaments dear to playwrights which makes the survivors do all manner of impossible things.

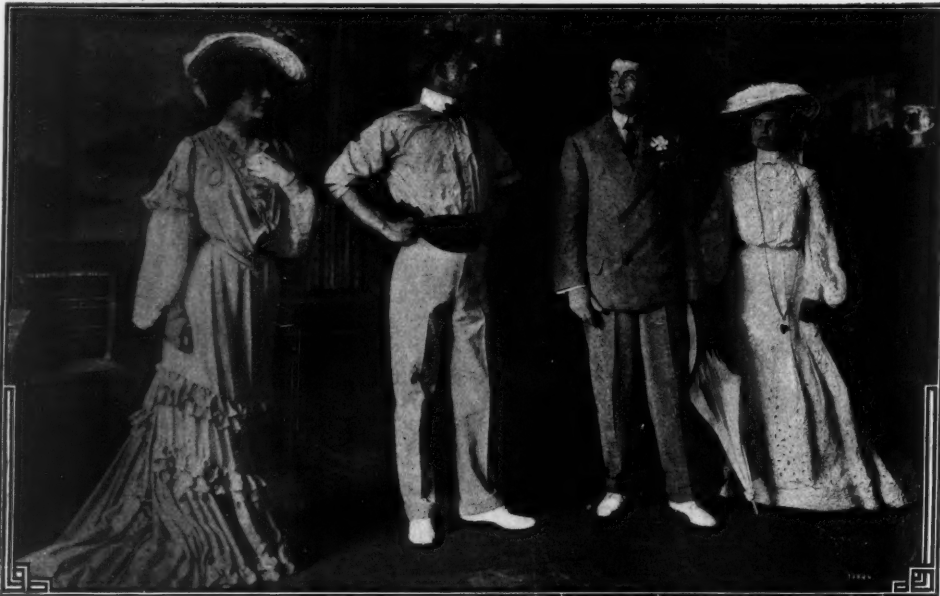
Some of the most successful plays of the last season are revived; for instance, Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," William H. Crane's creation of "David Harum," "Mistress Nell" (in which Henrietta Crossman made such a hit), Hall Caine's "The Christian," David Belasco's "Madame Du Barry" and his old "Heart of Maryland." Of romantic operas, "Robin Hood" and "Maid Marian" continue to hold the boards; and there is Sir Arthur Sullivan's last creation, "The Emerald Isle."

New York's theatrical awakening, as indicated by these and other plays now running, is bright with promise for the whole season. Play-goers with a taste for serious drama are looking forward to the long promised new presentations of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, John

Drew, Rose Coghlan, and Eleanor Duse. German students of the drama have the unusual chance of seeing plays of all nations presented on the stage of the German theatre, where the best plays of Sophocles, Terence, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Calderon, Alfieri, Goldoni, Molière and Sardou, as well as the masterpieces of the German stage, are to be presented in historical sequence.

Before the season is over seven new theatres are to be added to the forty and odd playhouses which already furnish amusement to the metropolitan play-goer. What more could be expected of a dramatic "banner season"?

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



Bettrice Morgan George Irving Jameson Lee Finney Margaret Gordon

Scene from "The New Clown" at the Garrick Theatre

from the Bowery, Fifth Avenue or Harlem. This means plenty of local color and many catchy songs of equally local flavor.

"The New Clown," with its flaring posters and tent scenes, makes you feel as if the circus had come to town. It is more fun than a circus in some of its scenes behind the circus scenes, wherein an effeminate lordling who tries to hide his identity in the clothes of the clown is called upon to do strange things in the show.

"Mrs. Jack," the opening attraction of Wallack's old theatre in New York, is a comedy by Grace Livingston Fur-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



C. M. Collins

Mrs. Boncassault J. Kruger

A. Fischer

Scene from "Mrs. Jack" at Wallack's Theatre

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE RECENT PICTURESQUE WATER SPORTS ON THE CANALS OF VENICE



A remarkable photograph of the recent fêtes in Venice, showing the great crowds lining the canal and bridges, watching the procession of decorated and racing gondolas during the regatta

A VOICE FROM OVER THE SEA

WHAT JAPAN STILL LOOKS FOR FROM WESTERN CIVILIZATION AND HOW HER PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PROGRESSING SINCE THEY TOOK THEIR PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS IN MODERN METHODS AS THE "YANKEES OF THE ORIENT"

By MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO, The Maker of New Japan

I WAS ONE of the first Japanese to visit foreign lands and was only able to do so by stealth, escaping to Shanghai in 1863. The country was only just opened to foreign intercourse, and Japanese subjects were not yet allowed to leave the country.

I have always been very much in favor of the adoption of the principles of Western civilization by Japan, and I have been enabled to use my services in the direction of assisting the present progress and transformation in Japan's state. In the thirty-four years during which I have held office I have always tried to help and sometimes even to force on the antagonistic spirits measures necessary for the growth of modern Japan. From the beginning we realized fully how necessary it was that the Japanese people should not only adopt Western methods, but should also speedily become competent to do without the aid of foreign instructions and supervisions. In the early days we brought many foreigners to Japan to help to introduce modern methods, but we always did it in such a way as to render the Japanese students able to take their rightful place in the nation, after they had been educated. I must say that sometimes the foreigners and even the foreign nations endeavored to take advantage of the Japanese inexperience by passing men off as experts when they really knew next to nothing of the subjects for which they were engaged. We were, however, able to secure the services of many excellent men, whose names are still honored in Japan, although they themselves have long since left her shores.

On the occasion of my second visit to London, as one of the Ambassadors of our country, it was suggested to me that it would be most beneficial to establish a special Engineering College in Japan, where every branch of engineering should be taught. Such a college would be quite unique, no other nation having one. The idea seemed to be a very good one, and on my return to Japan I took the necessary steps, and, with the assistance of foreign professors, we founded an Engineering College, now incorporated in the Tokio University. From this institution have come the majority of engineers who are now working the resources and industries of Japan. I consider the establishment of this college as one of the most important factors in the development of Japan of to-day.

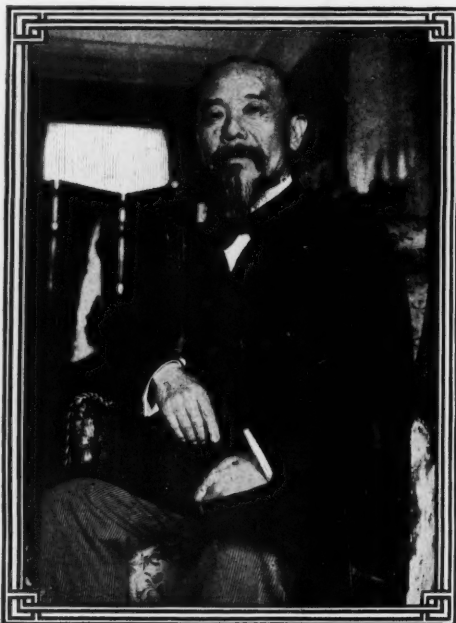
It was most necessary that Japan should not only be educated, but also provided with suitable codes of laws, before there could be any question of a revision of the treaties with foreign nations, and for a considerable time all our efforts were directed in this direction.

There are two events in Japan's history which have been all-important. The first was the change of the régime of government of the country and the promulgation of the Constitution, and the other was the China-Japanese War.

I spent much time and labor away from Japan studying the Constitutions of various countries—the Emperor having ordered me to undertake the arduous task of framing a draft of the new Japanese Constitution. The work was very difficult and necessitated much thought. Never before had there been a Constitution in the modern sense of the word in Japan, to help me to know what were the most vital points to be provided for in the new code. The country had been so essentially a non-constitutional and feudal one that it was difficult to sit down on the debris of its past history and prepare off-hand a Constitution for it; and even when I had decided as to what was most necessary, it required very great care to ensure the proper working and execution of the various provisions. I had always to remember that my work was intended as a permanent measure, and therefore I had to examine all the possible effects likely to arise from it in the

distant future. Above all, there was the pre-eminent importance to be attached to the necessity of safeguarding the sacred and traditional rights of the sovereign. With the assistance of my secretaries and collaborators—all of them as equally devoted to the work as myself—I accomplished my task as well as I could, and it is not without some satisfaction that I see that it has not been found necessary to amend the Constitution since its promulgation.

The old election law, however, having been found unsatisfactory, we have introduced an improved one, one of the principal changes in which is that the voting is by secret ballot instead of by signed ballot as at present, another important



Hirobumi Ito.

change being the insertion of provisions for more ample representation of commercial and industrial elements of the country, and the Business Tax.

According to the new law, if any candidate should resort to corrupt means to secure his election the proceedings would become, owing to the secrecy of the ballot, much more uncertain and much more costly than at present. This new law is to be experimented with at the election of 1902, and I hope that the next session will show some improvement in the members of the Lower House.

I have always recognized the vital importance of a supremely efficient navy and army. The former is made the more important by our insular position. Our programme of

naval expansion laid down after the Chinese war in 1895 is practically completed, and Japan possesses now a homogeneous and powerful modern fleet. In its numbers are included several of the largest and best-armed battleships and cruisers; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Japanese sailors and officers are fully as efficient in every respect as the ships they man. Our navy is largely of British construction, and we have made that country our model in this department; although, following the principles which have enabled us to make our progress in the past, we are always anxious and ready to take advantage of improvements from any source.

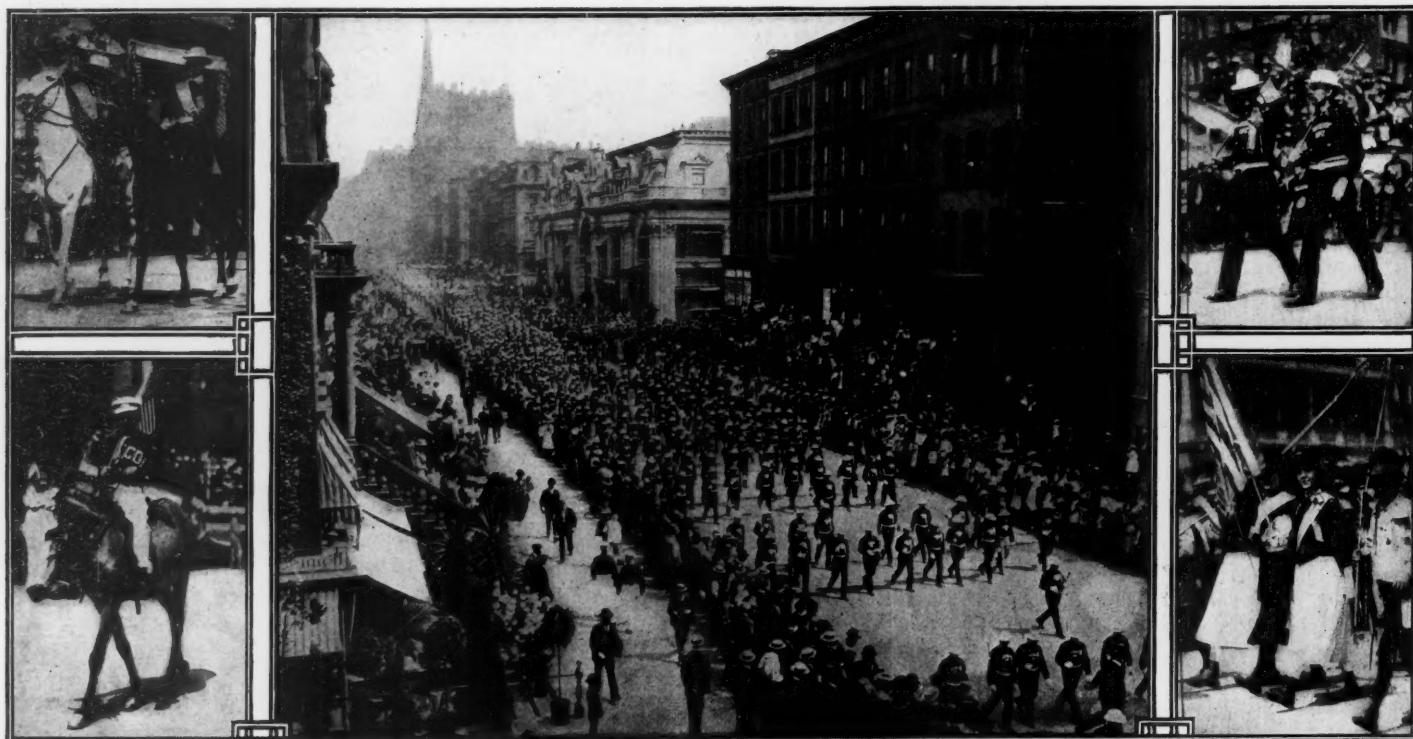
Although it has been necessary first of all to develop our fleet, the army, too, has not been neglected. It has been more than doubled of late and has now a war footing of over 500,000 men. The bold experiment of conscription, tried at the beginning of the new era, has proved itself on many occasions—notably the Satsuma Rebellion, the Chinese War and the Boxer outbreak. On the last occasion the Japanese army was enabled to play a very great part in the relief of Peking, and showed to the other allies a striking illustration of organization, morale, personnel and equipment; and this efficiency and thoroughness are to be found through and through our army system. First based on French, and later on German, models, with foreign instructors, the Japanese army has afterward developed a model of its own, and has proved its capability of training and further developing itself. Although so much has already been done in respect to the army, I believe we will not remain idle; and even if no large increase in numbers should be made in the near future, great efforts will be made in still further improving the training and efficiency of the soldiers. In Japan, we have the advantage that, although the soldiers are raised by conscription, every conscript is animated by the highest sense of patriotism and pride of his country.

In commercial and industrial matters Japan is becoming well established and is making secure her hold upon the markets of the Far East. The resources of the country are very good, the coal supply especially being abundant. Although many of the beds are not of first-class quality, still, its abundance plays a very important factor in national economy and strength. Besides coal, there are considerable oil deposits in the northern provinces of Japan, and these are now beginning to be systematically worked, in connection with the Standard Oil Trust. The iron deposits are also considerable, but largely undeveloped as yet, Japan relying upon foreign countries for her present supply of iron. Copper, a metal of which the importance becomes yearly greater, is found and worked in enormous quantities.

Japan's financial position is by no means so bad as often depicted, thanks to the growing material prosperity of the empire. When the effects of the economic depression of 1900-1901 shall have passed away, Japan will advance more rapidly than at present.

But whatever causes may have helped Japan in her progress, and however much we may have been instrumental in the achievements of the past years, they become insignificant when compared to what the country owes to his Majesty the Emperor. The Imperial will has ever been the guiding star of the nation. Whatever may have been the work done by those who, like myself, tried to assist him in his enlightened government, it could not have achieved such wonderful results had it not been for the great, progressive and wise influence of his Majesty the Emperor, ever behind each new measure or reform. From the Emperor Japan has learned that lesson which has made her what she is at present.

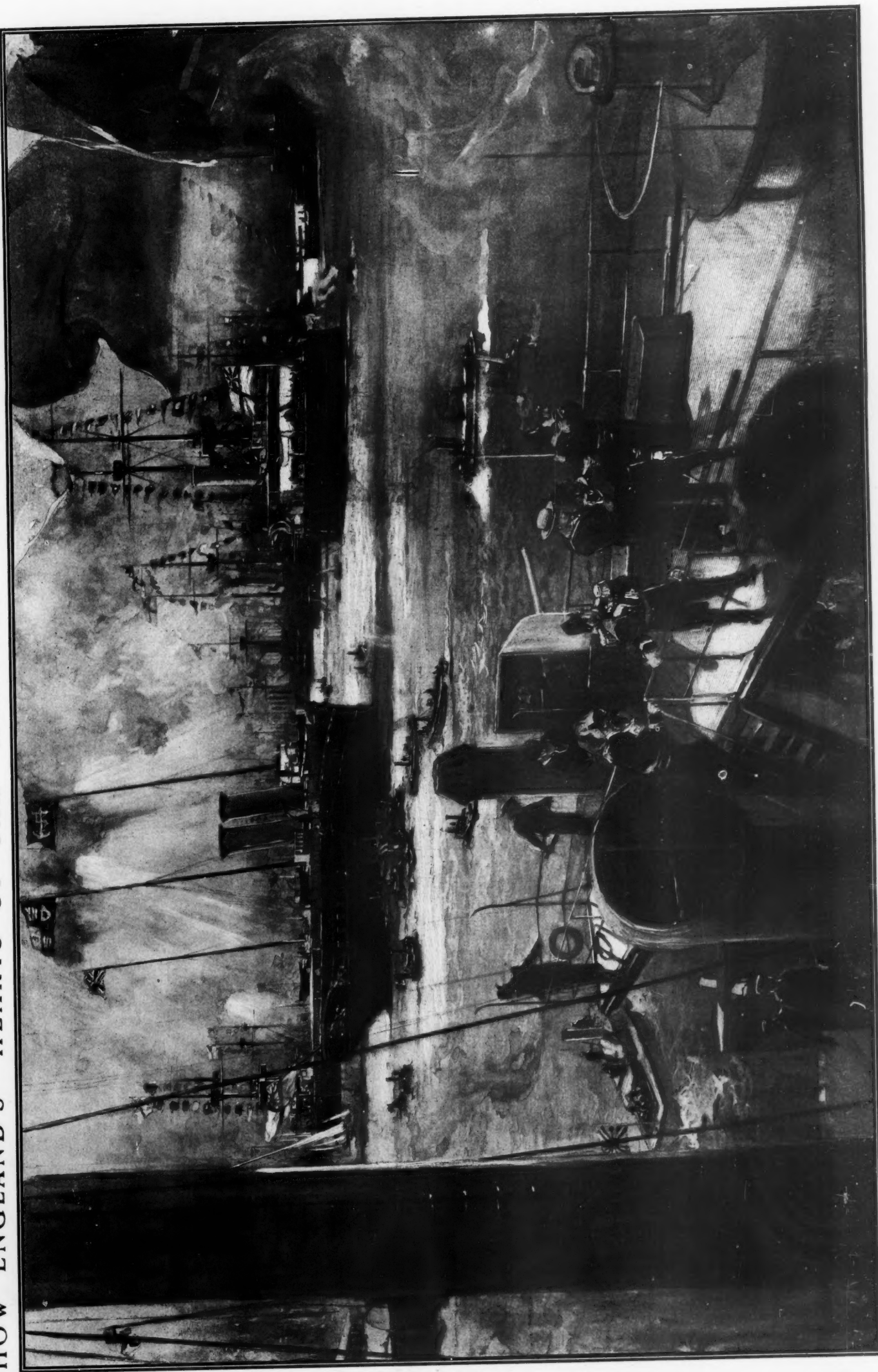
THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION OF LABOR IN NEW YORK



The gigantic Parade passing down Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street on Labor Day

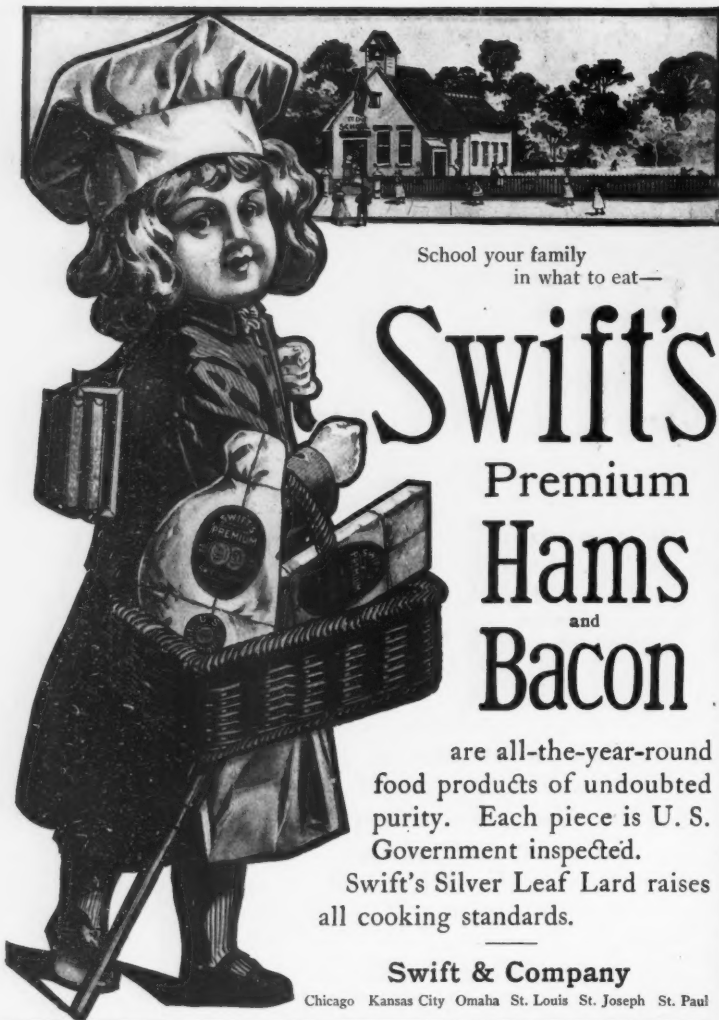
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

HOW ENGLAND'S "HEARTS OF OAK" HONORED THE CORONATION OF THE KING



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The Wanderings of Aguinaldo and his Officers

By Colonel Villa
of the Filipino Army
(Aguinaldo's Chief-of-Staff)

Edited by
O. K. Davis
(From Col. Villa's own MS.)



EDITOR'S NOTE.—NOT UNTIL NOW HAS THERE EVER BEEN ANY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT GIVEN OF THE WANDERINGS AND STRUGGLES OF THE FILIPINO CHIEF DURING THE SIXTEEN MONTHS THAT INTERVENED BETWEEN HIS FLIGHT FROM BAYAMBANG, HIS LAST CAPITAL, AND HIS CAPTURE. HERE WE HAVE THE

STORY FROM HIS CHIEF OF STAFF, WHO WAS WITH THE "HONORABLE PRESIDENT" ALL THE TIME. IT THROWS A NEW LIGHT ON THE NATURE OF THE PEOPLE WE ARE STILL FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES AND ON THE CHARACTER OF THE FAMOUS DEPOSED REVOLUTIONIST WHO IS ABOUT TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES

WE LEFT Bayambang by night in a special train for Calasiao and there disembarked. The Honorable President was accompanied by his Secretaries of the Interior, Treasury, and Foreign Affairs, by Colonels Villa, Barcelona, Leyba and Sytiar of the staff, and the Cavite battalion and a company of artillery, as well as the Honorable President's wife and little son, his sister and mother, the sisters and mother of Colonel Leyba and Colonel Sytiar's wife.

At midnight we assembled in the plaza at Calasiao and at one o'clock began the march. The mud was terrible, reaching almost to the knees. At three o'clock, in Santa Barbara, we were joined by General Gregorio del Pilar with his troops, so we now had more than 1,200 armed men. At dawn we reached the great forest near Manaoag and breakfasted. General Pilar commanded the vanguard and Colonel Montenegro the rear. The party of the Honorable President accompanied the vanguard, which numbered 250 troops. With the rear were the President's mother and little son.

That afternoon we entered Manaoag, where some Americans had been already, but passed through without seeing any of them, and stopped for the night at Pozorrubio. During the day we had nothing to eat but sugar-cane.

November 15.—Still raining. The rearguard far behind. At nine o'clock we heard that the Americans were just entering the town and marched at once. The President's wife fainted and a bamboo cot was arranged for her. General Tinio met us with his troops and announced that the Americans were pursuing us. We commenced to ascend the mountains. The rain was incessant. We were drenched and there was a great deal of mud. The hard wind and the cold made us shiver. It seemed that we were at a great altitude and very near the sky, but five o'clock came and we yet had not reached the summit. It was eight o'clock when we reached the Famy settlement on the peak of the mountain, half dead from the rain, wind and cold.

Daylight came in the midst of rain. Soon afterward Colonel Joven came up and told the President that the rearguard had been surprised in Manaoag by the Americans and scattered. He had been able to collect only seventeen of his men, whom he had brought with him. We marched at once, without breakfast, heading northward and keeping in the mountains.

BRASS BANDS AND MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Next day we marched rather comfortably, some being in vehicles and some on horseback. At Aringay all the leading people turned out to greet us. After the Honorable President had urged them to be patriotic we went on. At Naguilian the leading men came with a brass band and great crowd to meet us. Here we stopped for two days, until, hearing that the Americans were very near, we started at midnight and marched without stopping until nine o'clock the next night. We continued the march northward through the towns near the seacoast, finally reaching Candon. Here we turned toward the mountains, and after passing over Mt. Tilad, which is 1,300 metres high, we reached Aganqui, where we stayed for seven days. On the last day of November we went on to Cervantes, where the Honorable President decided to remain for a long time and defend himself, there being an abundance of food and a beautiful view, with good conditions for defence.

Next day General Pilar went back to hold the pass on Mt. Tilad and that night sent word to the President that he had seen the Americans not far away. At five o'clock the next afternoon two officers came from Mt. Tilad and told the Honorable President that General Pilar had been killed, with many of his soldiers, and that the Americans must be in Aganqui at that very hour.

The Honorable President, his retinue and the remaining troops at once marched out of Cervantes toward Bontoc. We marched all night. At every step we found the mountains getting higher and the cold more chilling. A strong wind was blowing. The cold was penetrating almost to our bones. Our skins had become dead to feeling and our lips drawn and purple. We travelled over precipices that each moment seemed to be getting deeper as we went higher and higher. The sun at last shone dimly in the east and night bade us farewell, but the intensity of the cold continued. We never halted in our journey. Without breakfast we continued climbing through the mountains. At eleven o'clock we stopped for an hour and ate some camotes (native sweet potatoes). Then we marched on, and reached Bontoc at five in the afternoon. Here we rested for two days.

On December 6 we started at ten o'clock at night to cross Mt. Polis to Banane. We reached the summit of the mountain, which is 2,700 metres high, early in the morning, and, without breakfast, started down. On the way we found a crystalline spring, and there halted and cooked some rice, which we ate without salt. In the evening we reached Banane. Here we stayed for two weeks. There was an abundance of camotes but very little rice, so that we had but two meals a day, with about a quarter of a pint of rice at each.

"A MILLION FOR EXPENSES"

On a moonlight night the Honorable President, Sytiar, Jeciel, Barcelona and Villa, the two Leyba sisters and the Honorable President's sister were discussing the matter, and it was decided that once the independence of the country is determined we will take a trip to Europe with an allowance of a million dollars to pay our expenses.

At this place the President held a council one night with several of his officers. He explained that the situation was

very critical. The Americans were ahead of us and behind us, and were also pursuing us. Besides, the Igorrotes, who surround us, are only waiting for the opportunity to cut off our heads. Major Gatmaitan was for staying where we are and maintaining the defence to the death. Villa advised sending the women to Manila with two officers to look out for them, and then marching for the mountains of Abra. This was the plan finally adopted.

On December 20 an Igorrote brought word that there was a large armed force near. Preparation was made to leave, and early the next morning the ladies started back to Ambayuan with Colonel Sytiar. The sun is beclouded; it is a sad day for us. The separation from the women—from those who give us life and courage—and our solitude in these mountains, throughout every part of which there is seen only the abyss of death, sorely afflict us. We weep and are sad.

It was eleven o'clock when the remainder of the party began to retrace our steps over Mt. Polis. We marched without cessation until five o'clock, when we stopped for fifteen minutes at a beautiful spring and ate a little to refresh ourselves. Night is coming upon us; our vision grows dim; our legs and knees weak and tremulous; our breathing laborious and our thirst intense. The leafy mountain trees shut out the starlight. We no longer see one another. Along the narrow path—scarce eighteen inches wide—lie the deep precipices of death. It is nine o'clock. Ascents are still waiting us! Fatigue prostrates us; darkness terrifies us; yet we continue the march, almost crawling! We reach the summit at ten o'clock and lie down to rest a little. Soon great exhaustion and profound slumber have robbed us of intelligence.

WOMEN ABANDONED TO THE CRUEL AMERICANOS

At two o'clock we awoke and began the descent. By seven we had arrived in Ambayuan and overtaken the women. They were seated on the ground, worn out, and showing in their faces the ravages of hunger. But they are always smiling, saying they prefer suffering in these mountains to being under the dominion of the Americans. Such sacrifices are the duty of every patriot who loves his country. That same morning we marched on to Talubin, where we dined in the house of a Christian named Valenciano, and where we stayed for two days.

On December 24 word came that the Americans were in Bontoc, only two hours away. The Honorable President told the women to remain in the settlement and allow themselves to be caught by the Americans. He named Sytiar and Paez to stay with them. Then he prepared himself for the march. When we reached the river half-way between Talubin and Ambayuan he stopped and remained pensive on the bank. He called Barcelona and Villa to him and said he was thinking that the presentation of his family to the enemy might affect the imperial policy of the United States. Barcelona and Villa agreed with him, and he immediately sent Villa back to Talubin to get his family. Villa found that Sytiar had sent a letter to the Americans saying that the Honorable President's family would present themselves. Nevertheless Villa insisted, and the whole party rejoined the Honorable President in the mountains. That afternoon we were all together again in Ambayuan. At nine in the evening a letter came from the Americans saying they were already in Talubin and were expecting there the family of the Honorable President.

As we did not know which way to go because of the nearness of the enemy, and because the women constituted a great impediment on this kind of a journey, the Honorable President, in view of the critical situation, again ordered his family to retire. It is two o'clock in the morning. We have spent the night awake and on watch. The women are ready to march. At 2.30 they are off to Talubin to present themselves to the enemy. An hour later we who are left start back over the mountain to Banane.

December 25 (Christmas Day).—Again crawling over Mt. Polis; the enemy in front of us and behind us! The Honorable President said that the only remedy left for us is to make up our minds for death. We shall continue marching forward. If we meet the enemy we shall resist them and try to break their lines. It may cost many lives, but it is better for some to be killed than for all to be captured.

"DEATH TO SURRENDER!"

At seven the next morning the Honorable President spoke to his soldiers and explained his plan. Then he said, "Do you swear not to abandon me?" The soldiers cried out that they preferred death to surrender. We were four staff, one field and eleven line officers, and 127 men. It was four o'clock on the morning of December 27 when we began the march.

Without stopping we keep on marching. The day fades away; we have eaten nothing. Night falls, and we find ourselves in the midst of very high mountains, unable to see a thing in the intense darkness. There is no water for cooking or to drink. Thus it happens that in spite of having eaten nothing all day we have to make the best of our fortune or misfortune, and, half dead, go to sleep on the ground among the rocks and trees which are our bedding.

About two in the morning the Honorable President awoke and found an Igorrote standing at his feet with spear drawn back ready to hurl. As the Honorable President rose the Igorrote ran away and fell over a precipice. We were saved from one misfortune, but the Igorrotes succeeded in stealing one of our guns.

Though we slept in water and had nothing to eat, we were up at five and started on, breakfastless. We are wet. Finding no food to appease our hunger, we laid hands on a horse and utilized him for our luncheon. The Igorrotes attacked us with lances and we were obliged to give them several volleys. So for the rest of the month we marched through the mountains, repeatedly attacked by the Igorrotes.

January 1, 1900.—This is a memorable day for us. We continue the march through mountains which are higher than former ones and which present difficult ascents. Heat, hunger and thirst give us nausea. When we arrive at the top of a mountain as we saw it from below we find that there are other ascents still higher. This worries us, but we cannot stop, for as there is no vegetation on these mountains the heat of the sun would kill us. The soldiers are crawling along on all fours and weeping, but they are afraid to stop.

On the afternoon of January 5 we reached a settlement from which we saw the extensive plain of the provinces of Nueva Viscaya and Isabela. Joy filled our palpitating hearts. Hours seemed like years to us, as we longed for the next day to come so we might continue the march and reach the first town in Isabela inhabited not by Igorrotes but by Christians. Now indeed for us had finished the lofty and extensive mountains. Now indeed we are saved from those Igorrotes, always armed with spears and arrows and ready to rob us of our lives. Hunger, thirst, heat, cold, laborious breathing, nausea and swimming of the head, exhaustion, the dark nights and the trembling of the legs—all this is passed and we are through with it for good.

Next day we hunted for guides. One Igorrote was caught. To prevent his escape Barcelona tied a rope around his neck, hands, feet and legs and placed a guard over him. On the following day we set out, everybody jubilant. The soldiers sang to their light footsteps. We ran across many wild deer and carabaos in the mountains, animals that indicate life. The Honorable President shot two deer. By ten o'clock that night we reached Escaris. The lieutenant of the barrio, who was a true patriot, at once prepared us a little something to eat. When the rice was cooked we ate it immediately with salt, as we could not wait for the pork.

THE DOGGING AMERICANOS

We passed the time divinely in this town for ten days. Many deputations from nearby places came to pay their respects to the Honorable President, bringing us rice and other foods. On the afternoon of January 18 word came that 400 Americans were coming from Ilagan to attack us. As we had only 100 small men, most of whom were sick, we had to retire. So we moved across the river to a camp we had prepared. Next day we heard that an American convoy was at Carig. Captain Villareal was sent with forty men to intercept it. The following afternoon two Americans, with a Chinaman, came to Carig and went to the house of the telegraph operator. Our soldiers went at once to the office and in a few moments the two Americans were dead. Our forces secured their guns and ammunition and brought the Chinaman back to camp. At eight o'clock the next morning, after a short court-martial, the Chinaman was executed.

In the afternoon we were assured that 400 Americans had come from Ilagan to Echague, a town near Escaris. The Honorable President and Barcelona and Villa held a secret conference and agreed that for several reasons it would be best for us to leave this valley and go to Abra province, to unite ourselves, if possible, with General Tinio. For eight days we awaited the enemy, but without incident. Then we received a letter from a patriot informing us that the Americans had burned Echague and Carig and would attack us the next day.

The Honorable President went to the top of the mountain, from which place he could observe all the towns of the province, but he saw no enemy. A little later he saw that our soldiers at the quarters were catching all the horses. Then we saw a mounted man start from the camp and come rapidly toward us. He told the Honorable President that the enemy were already in Escaris, but half a kilometre from the camp. The Honorable President looked and was astonished to see the enemy then and there deploying as skirmishers to attack our forces. He immediately gave the order for everybody to march away and go to the mountains. We marched until two o'clock in the morning and then slept until seven.

At noon a courier was sent back to see if the enemy were still near Escaris. He returned and said they had gone away. So we returned to our former camp. The Honorable President thought reinforcements would be sent to us from our Nueva Viscaya forces, and sent a courier with orders to them to join us. Our enthusiasm was great, for aid was coming to us, and hence we spent the night in amusements. But the next day the courier returned and told us there were no such forces. He had gone nearly to Bayombong and had seen no Filipino troops at all. Our joy, or rather our illusion, was converted into sadness.

Again we heard that the Americans were very near and coming to attack us, and again agreed to march back to Abra if necessary.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

MOTH AND RUST

SERIAL IN FIVE PARTS

MARY CHOLMONDELEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

AUTHOR OF "RED POTTAGE"

PART FOUR

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS

George Trefusis is engaged to Janet Black, a beautiful though ordinary girl. Mrs. Trefusis, an old, aristocratic woman, deplores her son's choice of a girl with no family connections, her only brother being more or less of a scamp. These woes the mother confides to Lady Anne Varney, her guest, and confesses that her hopes had centred on none other than herself for a daughter-in-law. Lady Varney consoles the despairing mother and relates her own unhappy love for another. Janet's brother calls on the Trefusises. He tells his sister when she visits her friend, Mrs. Brand, on the morrow, she must persuade Mr. Brand to extend time on his I.O.U. On Janet's arrival in London she finds the Brands' apartments partly destroyed by fire, and that Mrs. Brand has broken her back and lies dying in the billiard-room. She makes a terrible confession to Janet and asks her to destroy a packet of letters from a faithless lover. Janet promises to execute this deathbed wish and while on the errand in Mrs. Brand's boudoir meets two men looking over the ruins left by the fire. One proves to be Vanbrunt, the man whom Lady Varney loves, the other an artist, De Rivaz, who, when they depart, vows to paint Janet's picture some day. In burning Mrs. Brand's love letters Janet discovers they were from her brother. The shock prostrates her, and Lady Varney finding her in this condition takes Janet to her own home, denying herself thereby the pleasure of seeing Vanbrunt that evening. Janet recovers in a few days and her brother takes her home. On the way he learns Janet had not found opportunity to get Brand to renew time on his debt.

CHAPTER IX

*Yea, each with the other will lose and win,
Till the very Sides of the Grave fall in.*
—W. E. HENLEY

IT WAS a summer night, hot and still, six weeks later, toward the end of July. Through the open windows of a house in Hamilton Gardens a divine voice came out into the listening night:

"She comes not when Noon is on the roses—
Too bright is Day.
She comes not to the Soul till it reposes
From work and play.

"But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices
Roll in from Sea,
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight
She comes to me."

Stephen sat alone in Hamilton Gardens, a massive figure under a Chinese lantern, which threw an unbecoming light on his grim face and heavy brows, and laid on the grass a grotesque boulder of shadow of the great capitalist.

I do not know what he was thinking about as he sat listening to the song, biting what could only by courtesy be entitled his little finger. Was he undergoing a passing twinge of poetry? Did money occupy his thoughts?

His impassive face betrayed nothing. When did it ever betray anything?

He was not left long alone. Figures were pacing in the half-lit gardens, two and two.

Prose rushed in upon him in the shape of a small square body, upholstered in gray satin, which trundled its way resolutely toward him.

The Duchess feared neither God nor man; but if fear had been possible to her, it would have been for that dignified yet elusive personage whom she panted to call her son-in-law.

She sat down by him with anxiety and determination in her eyes.

"By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight she comes to me," said Stephen to himself, with a sardonic smile. "Also by daylight, and when noon is on the roses, and when I am at work and at play. In short, she always comes."

"What a perfect night!" said the Duchess.

"Perfect."

"And that song; how beautiful!"

"Beautiful."

"I did not know you cared for poetry."

"I don't."

Stephen added to other remarkable qualities that of an able and self-possessed liar. In business he was considered straight, even by gentlemen; foolishly straitlaced by men of business. But to certain persons, and the Duchess was one of them, he never spoke the truth. He was wont to say that any lies he told he did not intend to account for in this world or the next, and that the bill, if there was one, would never be sent in to him. He certainly had the courage of his convictions.

"I want you to think twice of the disappointment you have given us all by not coming to us in Scotland this autumn. The Duke was really quite put out. He had so reckoned on your coming."

Stephen did not answer. He had a colossal power of silence when it suited him. He had liked the Duke for several years, before he had made the acquaintance of his family. The two men had met frequently on business, understood each other, and had almost reached friendship, when the Duchess intervened to ply her "savage trade." Since then a shade of distant politeness had tinged the Duke's manner toward Stephen, and the self-made man, sensitive to anything that resembled a sense of difference of class, instinctively drew away from him. Yet, if Stephen had but known it, the change in the Duke's manner was only owing to the unformulated suspicion that the father sometimes feels for the man, however eligible, whom he suspects of filching from him his favorite daughter.

"We are all disappointed," continued the Duchess; and

her power of hitting on the raw did not fail her, for her victim winced—not perceptibly. She went on: "Do think of it again, Mr. Vanbrunt. If you could see Larinnen in autumn—the autumn tints, you know—and no party. Just ourselves. And I am sure, from your face, you are a lover of nature."

"I hate nature," said Stephen. "It bores me. I am very easily bored."

He was longing to get away from London to steep his soul in the sympathy of certain solitary woodland places he knew of, shy as himself, where, perhaps, the strain of his aching spirit might relax somewhat; where he could lie in the shade for hours and listen to running water, and forget that he was a plain, middle-aged millionaire, whom a brilliant, exquisite creature could not love for himself.

"When I said no party I did not mean quite alone," said the Duchess, breathing heavily, for a frontal attack is generally also an uphill one. "A few cheerful friends. How right you are! One does not see enough of one's real friends. Anne often says that. She said to me only yesterday, when we were talking of you—"

The two liars were interrupted by the advance toward them of Anne and De Rivaz. They came silently across the shadowy grass, into the little ring of light thrown by the Chinese lantern.

De Rivaz was evidently excited. His worn, cynical face looked boyish in the garish light.

"Duchess," he said, "I have only just heard, by chance from Lady Anne, that the unknown divinity whom I am turning heaven and earth to find, in order that I may paint her, has actually been staying under your roof, and that you intend to ask her again."

"Mr. De Rivaz means Janet Black," said Anne to her mother.

"I implore you to ask me to meet her," said the painter.

"But she is just going to be married," said the Duchess, with genuine regret. Here was an opportunity lost.

"I know it. It breaks my heart to know it," said De Rivaz. "But married or not, maid, wife, or widow, I must paint her. Give me the chance of making her acquaintance."

"I will do what I can," said the Duchess, gently tilting forward her square person on to its flat white satin feet, and looking with calculating approval at her daughter. Surely Anne had never looked so lovely as at this obviously propitious moment.

"Take a turn with me, young man," continued the Duchess, "and I will see what I can do. And Anne," she said, with a backward glance at her daughter, "try and persuade Mr. Vanbrunt to come to us in September."

"I will do my best," said Anne, and she sat down on the bench.

Stephen, who had risen when she joined them, looked at her with shy, angry admiration.

It was a new departure for Anne so openly to abet her mother, and it wounded him.

"Won't you sit down again?" said Anne, meeting his eyes firmly. "I wish to speak to you."

He sat down awkwardly. He was always awkward in her presence. Perhaps it was only a moment, but it seemed to him an hour while she kept silence.

The same voice sang across the starlit dark:

"Some souls have quickened, eye to eye,
And heart to heart, and hand in hand;
The swift fire leaps, and instantly
They understand."

Neither heard it. Nearer than the song, close between them, some mighty enfolding presence seemed to have withdrawn them into itself. There is a moment in Love when he leaves the two hearts in which he dwells and stands between them, revealed.

So far it has been man and woman and Love. Three persons met painfully together who cannot walk together, not being agreed. But the hour comes when in awe the man and woman perceive, what was always so from the beginning, that they twain are but one being, one foolish creature, who, in a great blindness, thought it was two, mistook itself for two.

Perhaps that moment of discovery of our real identity in another is the first lowest rung of the steep ladder of love. Does God, who flung down to us that nearest empty highway to Himself, does He wonder why so few travellers come up by it; why we go wearily round by such bitter, sin-bogged, sorrow-smirched bypaths to meet Him at last?

There may be much love without that sense of oneness, but when it comes, it can only come to two; it can only be born of a mutual love. Neither can feel it without the other. Anne knew that. By her love for him she knew he loved her. He was slower, more obtuse; yet even he, with his limited perceptions and calculating mind—even he nearly believed, nearly had faith, nearly asked her if she could love him.

But the old self came to his perdition, the strong, shrewd, iron-willed self that had made him what he was; that had taught him to trust few, to follow his own judgment; that in his strenuous life had furnished him with certain dogged, conventional, ready-made convictions regarding women. Men he could judge, and did judge. He knew who could cheat him, who would fail him at a pinch, whom he could rely on. But of women he knew little. He regarded them as apart from himself, and did not judge them individually but collectively. He knew how one of Anne's sisters, possibly more than one of them, had been coerced into marriage.

He did not see that Anne belonged to a different class of being. His shrewdness, his bitter knowledge of the seamy side of a society to which he did not naturally belong, its uncouth passion for money, blinded him.

He had become very pale while he sat by her, while poor Anne vainly racked her brain to remember what it was she wished to say to him. The overwhelming impulse to speak, to have it out with her, the thirst for her love was upon him. When was it not upon him? He looked at her fixedly, and his heart sank. How could she love him, she in her wand-like delicacy and ethereal beauty? She was not of his world. She was not made of the same clay. No star seemed so remote as this still, dark-eyed woman beside him. How could she love him? No, the thing was impossible.

A very ugly emotion laid violent momentary hold on him. Let him take her whether she cared for him or not. If money could buy her let him buy her.

He glanced sidelong at her, and then moved nearer to her. She turned her head and looked full at him. She had no fear of him. The fierce, harsh face did not daunt her. She understood him, his stubborn humility, his blind love, this momentary hideous lapse, and knew that it was momentary.

"Lady Anne," he said hoarsely, "will you marry me?"

It had come at last, the word her heart had ached for so long. She did not think. She did not hesitate. She, who had so often been troubled by the mere sight of him across a room, was calm now. She looked at him with a certain gentle scorn.

"No, thank you," she said.

"I love you," he said, taking her hand. "I have long loved you."

It was his hand that trembled. Hers was steady as she withdrew it.

"I know," she said.

"Then could not you think of me? I implore you to marry me."

"You are speaking on impulse. We have hardly exchanged a word with each other for the last three months. You had no intention of asking me to marry you when you came here this evening."

"I don't care what intentions I may or may not have had," said Stephen, his temper, always quick, rising at her self-possession. "I mean what I say now, and I have meant it ever since I first saw you."

"Do you think I love you?"

"I love you enough for both," he said, with passion. "You are in my heart and my brain, and I can't tear you out. I can't live without you."

"In old days, when you were not quite so rich and not quite so world-wise, did you not sometimes hope to marry for love?"

"I hope to marry for love now. Do you doubt that I love you?"

"No, I don't. But have you never hoped to marry a woman who would care for you as much as you did for her?"

"I can't expect that," said the millionaire. "I don't expect it. I'm not—I'm not the kind of man whom women easily love."

"No," said Anne, "you're not."

"But when I care, I care with my whole heart. Will you think this over, and give me an answer to-morrow?"

"I have already answered you."

"I beg you to reconsider it."

"Why should I reconsider it?"

"I would try to make you happy. Let me prove my devotion to you."

She looked long at him, and she saw, without the possibility of deceiving herself, that if she told him she loved him he would not believe it. It was the conventional answer when a millionaire offers marriage, and he had a rooted belief in the conventional. After marriage it would be the same. He would think duty prompted it, her kiss, her caress. Oh, suffocating thought! She would be further from him than ever as his wife.

"I think we should get on together," he faltered, her refusal reaching him gradually, like a cold tide rising round him. "I had ventured to hope that you did not dislike me."

"I do not dislike you," said Anne deliberately. "You are quite right. The thing I dislike is a mercenary marriage."

He became ashen white. He rose slowly to his feet, and, drawing near to her, looked steadily at her, lightning in his eyes.

"Do I deserve that insult?" he said, his voice hardly human in its suppressed rage.

He looked formidable in the uncertain light.

She confronted him unflinchingly.

"Yes," she said, "you do. You calmly offer me marriage while you are firmly convinced that I don't care for you, and you are surprised—you actually dare to be surprised—when I refuse you. Those who offer insults must accept them."

"I intended none, as you well know," he said, drawing back a step. He felt his strength in him, but this slight woman, whom he could break with one hand, was stronger than he.

"Why should I marry you if I don't love you?" she went on. "Why, of course, because you are Mr. Vanbrunt, the greatest millionaire in England. Your choice has fallen on me. Let me accept with gratitude my brilliant fate, and if I don't actually dislike you, so much the better for both of us."

Stephen continued to look hard at her, but he said nothing. Her beauty astonished him.

"And what do we both lose," said Anne, "in such a marriage—you as well as I? Is it not the one chance, the one

hope of a mutual love? Is it so small a thing in your eyes that you can cast the possibility from you of a love that will meet yours and not endure it; the possibility of a woman somewhere who might be found for diligent seeking, who might walk into your life without seeking, who would love you as much as"—Anne's voice shook—"perhaps even more than you love her; to whom you—you yourself, stern and grim as you seem to many—might be the whole world? Have you always been so busy making this dreadful money which buys so much that you have forgotten the things that money can't buy? No, no. Do not let us lock each other out from the only thing worth having in this hard world. We should be companions in misfortune."

She held out her hands to him with a sudden beautiful gesture, and smiled at him through her tears.

He took her hands in his large grasp, and in his small, quick eyes there were tears too.

"We have both something to forgive each other," she said, trembling like a reed. "I have spoken harshly and you unwisely. But the day will come when you will be grateful to me that I did not shut you out from the only love that could make you, of all men, really happy—the love that is returned."

He kissed each hand gently, and released them. He could not speak.

She went swiftly from him through the trees.

"May God bless her!" said Stephen. "May God in heaven bless her."

CHAPTER X

*Thine were the weak, slight hands
That might have taken this strong soul, and bent
Its stubborn substance to thy soft intent.*

—WILLIAM WATSON

It was hard on Stephen that when he walked into a certain drawing-room the following evening he should find Anne there. It was doubly hard that he should have to take her into dinner. Yet so it was. There ought to have been a decent interval before their next meeting. Some one had arranged tactlessly, without any sense of proportion. Though he had not slept since she left him in the garden, still it seemed only a moment ago, and that she was back beside him in an instant, without giving him time to draw breath.

She met him as she always met him, with the faint enigmatical smile, with the touch of gentle respect never absent from her manner to him, except for one moment last night. He needed it. He had fallen in his own estimation during that sleepless night. He saw the sudden impulse that had goaded him into an offer of marriage—the kind of offer that how many men make in good faith—in its native brutality—as he knew she had seen it. When he first perceived her in the dimly lighted room, and he was aware of her presence before he saw her, he felt he could not go toward her, as a man may feel that he cannot go home. Home for Stephen was wherever Anne was, even if the door were barred against him.

But after a few minutes he screwed his "courage to the sticking-place," and went up to her.

"I am to take you in to dinner," he said. "It is your misfortune, but not my fault."

"I am glad," she said. "I came to you last night because I had something urgent to say to you. I shall have an opportunity of saying it now."

The constraint and awkwardness he had of late felt in her presence fell from him. It seemed as if they had gone back by some welcome short-cut to the simple intercourse of the halcyon days when they had first met.

He cursed himself for his mole-like obtuseness, in having thought last night that she was playing into her mother's hands. When had she ever done so? Why had he suspected her?

In the meanwhile the world was

*"at rest with will
And leisure to be fair."*

The Duchess was not there, suddenly and mercifully laid low by that occasional friend of society—influenza. The Duke, gay and debonaire in her absence, was beaming on his hostess whom he was to take in to dinner, and to whom he was sentimentally linked by a mild flirtation in a past decade, a flirtation so mild that it had no real existence except in the imaginative remembrance of both.

Presently Anne and Stephen were walking in to dinner together. It was a large party, and they sat together at the end of the table.

Anne did not wait this time. She began to talk at once. "I am anxious about a friend of mine," she said, "who is, I am afraid, becoming entangled in a far greater difficulty than she is aware of. But it is a long story. Do you mind long stories?"

"No."

Stephen turned toward her, becoming a solid block of attention.

"My friend is a Miss Black, a very beautiful woman whom Mr. De Rivaz is dying to paint. You may recollect having seen her where he saw her first, the day after the fire in Lowndes Mansions, in the burned-out flat of that unfortunate Mrs. Brand."

"I saw her. I remember her perfectly. I spoke to her about the dangerous state of the passages. I thought her the most beautiful creature, bar none, I had ever seen."

Stephen pulled himself up. He knew it was most impolitic to praise one woman to another. They did not like it. It was against the code. He must be more careful, or he should offend her again.

Anne looked at him very pleasantly. Her eyes were good to meet. She was evidently not offended. Dear me! Mysterious creatures, women! It struck him, not for the first time, that Anne was an exception to the whole of her sex.

"Isn't she beautiful?" said the exception warmly. "But I am afraid she is not quite as wise as she is beautiful. She is in a great difficulty."

"What about?"

"It seems she burned something when she was alone in the flat. At least, she is accused by Mr. Brand of burning something. A very valuable paper, an I. O. U. for a large sum which her brother owed Mr. Brand, and which became due a month ago, is missing."

"She did burn something," said Stephen. "I was on the floor above at the time, and smelled smoke, and came down, and De Rivaz told me it was nothing, only the divinity burning some papers. He was alarmed, and left his sketch to find where the smoke came from. He saw her burn them."

"He said that to you," said Anne, "but to no one else. I talked over the matter with him last night, and directly he heard Miss Black was in trouble he assured me that he had thoughtlessly burned a sheet of drawing paper himself. That was what caused the smoke. And he said he would tell Mr. Brand so."

"H'm! Brand is not made up of credulity."

"No. He seems convinced that Miss Black destroyed that paper."

"And does she deny it?"

"Of course."

"She can't deny that she burned something."

"Yes, she does. She sticks to it that she burned nothing."

"Then she must be a fool, because three of us know she did. De Rivaz knows it. I know it, and I see you know it."

"And it turns out the lift-man knows it; at least, he was reprimanded for being on the upper floors without leave, and he said he only went there because there was a smoke, and he was anxious; and the smoke came from the Brands' sitting-room, which Miss Black left as he came up. He told Mr. Brand this, who put what he thought was two and two together. Fred Black, it seems, would have been ruined if Mr. Brand had enforced payment, and he believes Miss Black got hold of the paper at her brother's instigation and destroyed it."

"Well! I suppose she did," said Stephen.

"If you knew her you would know that that is impossible."

Stephen looked incredulous.

"I've known a good many unlikely things happen about money," he said slowly. "I daresay she did it to save her brother."

"She did not do it," said Anne.

"If she didn't, why doesn't she say what she did burn, and why? What's the use of sticking to it that she burned nothing when Brand knows that's a lie? A lie is a deadly stupid thing unless it's uncommonly well done."

"She has had very little practice in lying. I fancy this is her first."

"The only possible course left for her to take is to admit that she burned something, and to say what it was. Why doesn't she see that?"

"Because she is a stupid woman, and she does not see the consequences of her insane denial, and the conclusions that must inevitably be drawn from it. When the room was examined, ashes were found in the grate that had been paper."

"How does she explain that?"

"She does not explain it. She explains nothing. She just shuts her teeth and repeats her wretched formula that she burned nothing."

"What took her up to the flat at all then, just when her friend was dying?"

"She says Mrs. Brand sent her up to see if her portrait was safe. But Mr. Brand does not believe that either, as he says he had already told his wife that it was uninjured."

"This Miss Black is a strong liar," said Stephen. "I should not have guessed it from her face. She looked as straight and innocent as a child, but one never can tell."

"I imagine I do not look like a liar. But would you say if I also were accused of lying that you never can tell?"

Stephen was taken aback. He bit his little finger, and frowned at the wonderful roses in front of him.

"I know you speak the truth," he said, "because you have spoken it to me. I should believe what you said—always—under any circumstances."

"You believe in my truthfulness from experience. Do you never believe by intuition?"

"Not often."

"When first I saw Miss Black I perceived that she was a perfectly honest, upright woman. I did not wait till she had given me any proof of it. I saw it."

"I certainly thought the same. To say the truth, I am surprised at her duplicity."

"In my case you judged by experience. In her case, I want you to go by intuition, by your first impression, which I know is the true one. I would stake my life upon it."

"I don't see how my intuitions would help her."

"Oh! yes, they will. Mr. Brand is aware from the lift-man, who saw you, that you were on the spot directly before he smelled smoke. Mr. Brand will probably write to you."

"He has written already. He has asked me to see him on business to-morrow morning. He does not say what business."

"He is certain to try and find out from you what Miss Black was doing when you saw her in his flat. It seems you and Mr. De Rivaz both left your cards on the table—why, I can't think—but it shows you were both there. He came up himself next day and found them."

"We both sent messages to Brand by Miss Black."

"It seems she never gave them. She says now she forgot all about them."

Stephen shook his head.

"If Brand comes, I shall be obliged to tell him the truth," he said.

"That was why I was so bent on seeing you. I am anxious you should tell him the truth."

Stephen looked steadily at her.

"What truth?" he said.

"Whatever you consider will disabuse his mind of the sus-



Both men saw she was lying



THE END OF SUMMER—CLOSING DAY

DRAWN BY HENRY H



G DAYS OF THE NEWPORT SEASON

BY HENRY HUTT

MOTH AND RUST—BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY

picion that she burned her brother's I. O. U. Mr. De Rivaz's view of the truth is that the smoke came from a burned sheet of his own drawing paper."

"I am not accountable for De Rivaz. He can invent what he likes. That is hardly my line."

He colored darkly. It was incredible to him that Anne could be goading him to support her friend's fabric of lies by another lie. He would not do it, come what might. But he felt that Fate was hard upon him. He would have done almost anything at that moment to please her. But a lie—no.

"I fear your line would naturally be to tell the blackest lie that has ever been told yet, by repeating the damaging facts exactly as they are. If you do—to a man like him—not only will you help to ruin Miss Black, but you will give weight to this frightful falsehood which is being circulated against her. And if you, by your near-sighted truthfulness, give weight to a lie, it is just the same as telling one. No, I think it's worse."

Stephen smiled grimly. This was straight talk. Plain speaking always appealed to him even when, as now, it was at his expense.

"Are you certain that your friend did not burn her brother's I. O. U.?" he said after a pause.

"I am absolutely certain. Remember her face. Now, Mr. Vanbrunt, think. Don't confuse your mind with ideas of what women generally are. Think of her. Are not you certain, too?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I am. She is concealing something. She has done some folly, and is bolstering it up by a stupid lie. But the other, that's swindling—No, she did not do that."

"Then, help the side of truth," said Anne. "My own conviction is that she burned something compromising Mrs. Brand, at Mrs. Brand's dying request, under an oath of secrecy. And that is why her mouth is shut. But this is only a supposition. I ask you not to repeat it. I only mention it because you are so"—she shot a glance at him unlike any, in its gentle railery, that had fallen to his lot for many a long day—"so stubborn."

He was unreasonably pleased.

"I should still be in a dry-goods warehouse in Hull if I had not been what you call stubborn," he said, smiling at her.

"May I ask you a small favor for myself?" she said. "So far I have only asked for my friend."

"It seems hardly necessary to ask it. Only mention it."

"If my mother talks to you, and she talks to you a great deal, do not mention to her our conversation of last night. It would be kinder to me."

Stephen bowed gravely. He was surprised. It had not struck him that Anne had not told her mother. A brand-new idea occurred to him, namely, that Anne and her mother were not in each other's confidence. H'm. That luminous idea required further thought.

"And now," said Anne, "having got out of you all I want, I will immediately desert you for my other neighbor." And she spoke no more to Stephen that night.

"My dear," said the Duke of Quorn to Anne as they drove home, "it appeared to me that you and Vanbrunt were on uncommonly good terms to-night. Is there any understanding between you?"

"I think he is beginning to have a kind of glimmering of one."

"Really! Understandings don't as a rule lead to marriage. Misunderstandings generally bring about those painful dislocations of life. But the idea struck me this evening—I hope needlessly—that I might, after all, have to take that richly gilt personage to my bosom as my son-in-law."

"Mr. Vanbrunt asked me to marry him yesterday, and I refused him."

The Duke experienced a slight shock tinged with relief. "Does your mother know?" he said at last in an awed voice.

"Need you ask?"

"Well, if she ever finds out, for goodness' sake let her inform me of the fact. Don't give me away, Anne, by letting out that I knew at the time. If she thought I was an accomplice of the crime—your refusal—really, if she once got that idea into her head—But next time she tackles Vanbrunt perhaps he will tell her himself. Oh! heavens!"

"I asked him not to mention it to her."

The Duke sighed.

"And so he really did propose at last. I thought your mother had choked him off. Most men would have been. Well, Anne, I'm glad you did not accept him. I don't hold with mixed marriages. In these days people talk as if class were nothing, and the fact of being well-born of no account. And, of course, it's a subject one can't discuss, because certain things, if put into words, sound snobbish at once. But they are true, all the same. The middle classes have got it screwed into their cultivated heads that education levels class differences. It doesn't, but one can't say so. Not that Vanbrunt is educated, as I once told him."

"Oh, come, father, I am sure you did not."

"You are right, my dear. I did not. He said himself one day, in a moment of expansion, that he regretted that he had never had the chance of going to a public school or the university, and I said the sort of life he had led was an education of a high order. So it is. That man has lived. Really, when I come to think of it, I almost—No, I don't—Ahem! Associate freely with all classes, but marry in your own. That is what I say when no one is listening. By no one I mean, of course, yourself, my dear."

Anne was silent. There had been days when she had felt that difference keenly though silently. Those days were past.

"Vanbrunt is a Yorkshire dalesman with Dutch trading blood in him. It is extraordinary how Dutch the people look near Goole and Hull. I shall like him better now. I always have liked him till—the last few months. You would never say Vanbrunt was a gentleman, but you would never say he wasn't. He seems apart from all class. There is no hall-mark upon him. He is himself. So you would not have him, my little Anne. That's over. It's the very devil to be refused, I can tell you. I was refused once. It was some time ago, as you may imagine, but—I have not forgotten it. I learned what London looks like in the dawn, after walking the streets all night. So it's his turn to wear out the pavement now, is it? Poor man! He'll take it hard in a bottled-

up way. When next I see him I shall say, 'Aha! Money can't buy everything, Vanbrunt.'"

"Oh! no, father. You won't be so brutal."

"No, my dear, I daresay I shall not. I shall pretend not to know. Really, I have a sort of regard for him. Poor Vanbrunt!"

CHAPTER XI

C'est son ignorance qui fixe son malheur.

—MAETERLINCK.

Did you ever as a child see ink made? Did you ever watch with wondering intentness the mixing of one little bottle of colorless fluid—which you imagined to be pure water—with another equally colorless? No change. Then at last into the cup of clear water, the omnipotent parent hand pours out of another tiny phial two or three crystal drops.

The latent ink rushes into being at the contact of those few drops. The whole cup is black with it, transfused with impenetrable darkness, terrible to look upon.

We are awed, partly owing to the exceeding glory of the magician with the Vandyke hand, who knows everything and who can work miracles at will, and partly because we did not see the change coming. We were warned that it would come by that voice of incarnate wisdom. We were all eyes. But it was there before we knew. Some of us, as older children, watch with our ignorant eyes the mysterious alchemy in our little cup of life. We are warned, but we see not. We somehow miss the sign. The water is clear, quite clear. Something more is coming, straight from the same hand. In a moment all is darkness.

A wiser woman than Janet would perhaps have known, would at any rate have feared, that a certain small cloud on her horizon, no larger than a man's hand, meant a great storm. But until it broke she did not realize that that ever-increasing ominous pageant had any connection with the hurricane that at last fell upon her; just as some of us see the rosary of life only as separate beads, not noticing the divine constraining thread, and are taken by surprise when we come to the cross.

The cloud first showed itself, or, rather, Janet first caught sight of it, on a hot evening toward the end of June, when Fred returned from London, whither he had been summoned by Mr. Brand, a fortnight after his wife's death.

The days which had passed since Cuckoo's death had not had power to numb the pain at Janet's heart. The shock had only so far had the effect of shifting the furniture of her mind into unfamiliar jostling positions. She did not know where to put her hand on anything, like a woman who enters her familiar room after an earthquake, and finds the contents still there, but all huddled together or thrown asunder.

Her deep affection for her brother and her friend Cuckoo were wrenched out of place, leaving horrible gaps. She had always felt a vague repulsion for Monkey Brand, with his dyed hair, and habit of staring too hard at her. The repulsion toward him had shifted, and had crushed up against her love for Fred, and Monkey Brand had acquired a kind of dignity, even radiance. Even her love for George had altered in the general dislocation. Its halo had been jerked off. Who was true? Who was good? She looked at him wistfully, and with a certain diffidence. She felt a new tenderness for him. George had noticed the change in her manner toward him, since her return from London, and not being an expert diver into the recesses of human nature, he had at first anxiously inquired whether she still loved him the same. Janet looked slowly into her own heart before she made reply. Then she turned her grave gaze upon him. "More," she said, as every woman, whose love is acquainted with grief, must answer if she speaks the truth.

It was nearly dark when Janet caught the sounds of Fred's dogcart, driving swiftly along the lanes, too swiftly, considering the darkness. He drove straight to the stables, and then came out into the garden, where she was walking up and down waiting for him. It was such a small garden, merely a strip out of the field in front of the house, that he could not miss her.

He came quickly toward her, and even in the starlight she saw how white his face was. Her heart sank. She knew Fred had gone to London in compliance with a request from Mr. Brand. Had Mr. Brand refused to renew his bond or to wait?

Fred took her suddenly in his arms, and held her closely to him. He was trembling with emotion. His tears fell upon her face. She could feel the violent beating of his heart. She could not speak. She was terrified. She had never known him like this.

"You have saved me," he stammered, kissing her hair and forehead. "Oh! my God, Janet, I will never forget this, never while I live. I was ruined, and you have saved me."

She did not understand. She led him to the garden seat, and they sat down together. She thought he had been drinking. He generally cried when he was drunk. But she saw in the next moment that he was sober.

"Will Mr. Brand renew?" she said, though she knew he would not. Monkey Brand never renewed.

Fred laughed. It was the nervous laugh of a shallow nature, after a hair-breadth escape.

"Brand will not renew, and he will not wait," he said. "You know that as well as I do. Janet, I misjudged you. All those awful days while I have been expecting the blow to fall—it meant ruin, sheer ruin for you as well as me—all this time I thought you did not care what became of me. You seemed so different lately, so cold."

"I did care."

"I know. I know now. You are a brave woman. It was the only thing to do. If you had not burned it, he would have foreclosed. And, of course, I shall pay him back when I can. I said so. He knows I'm a gentleman. He has my word for it. A gentleman's word is as good as his bond. I shall repay him gradually."

"I don't understand," said Janet, who felt as if a cold hand had been laid upon her heart.

"Oh! You can speak freely to me. And to think of your keeping silence all this time—even to me. You always were one to keep things to yourself, but you might have just given me a hint. My I. O. U. is not forthcoming, and Brand as good as knows you burned it. He knows you went up to his

flat and burned something when his wife was dying. He wasn't exactly angry, he was too far gone for that, as if he couldn't care for anything, one way or the other. He looks ten years older. But, of course, he's a business man, whether his wife is alive or dead, and I could see he was forcing himself to attend to business to keep himself from thinking. He said very little. He was very distant. Infernally distant he was. He is no gentleman, and he doesn't understand the feelings of one. If it hadn't been that he was in trouble, and well—for the fact that I had borrowed money of him—I would not have stood it for a moment. I'm not going to allow any cad to hector over me, be he who he may. He mentioned the facts. He said he had always had a high opinion of you, and that he should come down and see you on the subject next week. You must think what to say, Janet."

"I never burned your I. O. U.," said Janet in a whisper, becoming cold all over. It was a revelation to her that Fred could imagine she was capable of such a dishonorable action.

"Why, Fred," she said, deeply wounded, "you know I could not do such a thing. It would be the same as stealing."

"No, it wouldn't," said Fred, with instant irritation, "because you know I should pay him back. And so I will—only I can't at present. And, of course, you knew that too, you must have guessed, that your two thousand—And as you are going to be married this is important too. I should have been ruined, sold up, if that I. O. U. had turned up, and you yourself would have been in a fix. You knew that when you got hold of it and burned it. Come, Janet, you can own to me you burned it—between ourselves."

"I burned nothing."

Fred peered at her open-mouthed.

"Janet, that's too thin. You must go one better than that when Brand comes. He knows you burned something when you went up to his flat."

"I burned nothing," said Janet again. It was too dark to see her face.

Did she realize that the first heavy drops were falling round her of the storm that was to wreck so much?

"Well," said Fred, after a pause, "I take my cue from you. You burned nothing then. I don't see how you are going to work it, but that's your affair. . . . But, oh! Janet, if that cursed paper had remained! If you had known what I've been going through since you came home a fortnight ago, when my last shred of hope left me, when I found you had not spoken to the Brands. It wasn't only the money—that was bad enough; it wasn't only that—but—"

And Fred actually broke down and sobbed with his head in his hands. Presently, when he recovered himself, he told her in stammering, difficult words that he had something on his conscience, that his life had not been what it should have been, but that a year ago he had come to a turning point, he had met some one—even his light voice had a graver ring in it—some one who had made him feel how—in short, he had fallen in love with a woman like herself, like his dear Janet, good and innocent, a snowflake; and for a long time he feared she could never think of him, but how at last she seemed less indifferent, but how her father was a strict man and averse to him from the first. And if he had been sold up, all hope—what little hope there was—would have been gone.

"But, please God now," said Fred, "I will make a fresh start. I've had a shock lately, Janet. I did not talk about it, but I've had a shock. I've thought of a good many things. I mean to turn round and do better in the future. There are things I've done, that lots of men do and think nothing of them, that I won't do again. I mean to try from this day forward to be worthy of her, to put the past behind me—and if I ever do win her—if she'll take me in the end, I shall not forget, Janet, that I owe it to you."

He kissed her again with tears.

She was too much overcome to speak. Cuckoo had repented, and now Fred was sorry, too. It was the first drop of healing balm which had fallen on that deep wound, which Cuckoo's dying voice had inflicted how many endless days ago.

"It is Venetia Ford," said Fred, shyly, but not without triumph. "You remember her. She is Archdeacon Ford's eldest daughter."

A recollection rose before Janet's mind of the eldest Miss Ford, with the pretty pink and white empty face, and the demure, if slightly supercilious manner, that befits one conscious of being an Archdeacon's daughter. Janet knew her slightly and admired her much. The eldest Miss Ford's conversation was always markedly suitable. Her sense of propriety was only equalled by her desire to impart information. Her slightly clerical manner resembled the full-blown archidiaconal deportment of her parent as home-made marmalade resembles an orange. Archdeacon Ford was a pompous, much-respected prelate with private means. Mrs. Smith was distantly related to the Fords, and very proud of the connection. She seldom alluded to the eldest Miss Ford without remarking that Venetia was her ideal of what a perfect lady should be.

"Oh! Fred! I am so glad," said Janet, momentarily forgetting everything else in her rejoicing that Fred should have attached himself seriously at last, and to a woman for whom she felt respectful admiration, who had always treated her with the cold civility that was, in Janet's eyes, the hall-mark of social and mental superiority.

"And does she like you?" she said, with pride. She could not see Fred any longer, but her mind's eye saw him, handsome, gay, irresistible. Of course she adored him.

"Sometimes I think she doesn't," said Fred, "and sometimes I'm afraid she doesn't." And he expounded at great length, garnished with abundant detail, his various meetings with her; how on one occasion she had hardly looked at him; on another she had spoken to him of Browning—that was the time when he had bought Browning's works—on a third, how there had been another man there, a curate, a beast, but thinking a lot of himself; on a fourth, she had said that balls—the Mudbury Ball, where he had danced with her—were an innocent form of recreation, etc., etc.

Janet drank in every word. It reminded her, she said, of "her and George." Indeed, there were many salient points of resemblance between the two courtships. The brother and sister sat long together hand in hand in the soft summer night. Only when she got up at last did the thought of the missing I. O. U. return to Janet.

"Oh! Fred!" she said, as they walked toward the house,

"supposing, after all, your I. O. U. turns up. How dreadful! What would happen?"

"It won't turn up," said Fred, with a laugh.

When Janet was alone in her room, she remembered again, with pained bewilderment, that Fred had actually believed she had destroyed that missing paper. It did not distress her that Monkey Brand evidently believed the same. She would, of course, tell him that he was mistaken. But Fred! He ought to have known better. Her thoughts returned speedily to her brother's future. He would settle down now, and be a good man, and marry the eldest Miss Ford. She felt happier about him than she had done since Cuckoo's death. Her constant prayer, that he might repent and lead a new life, had evidently been heard.

As she closed her eyes, she said to herself: "I dare say Fred and Venetia will be married the same day as George and me."

Monkey Brand appeared at Ivy Cottage a few days later. Janet was in the field with Fred, taking the setter puppies for a run, when the Trefusis Arms dogcart from Mudbury drove up, and Nemesis, in the shape of Monkey Brand, got slowly down from it, wrong leg first. Even in the extreme heat Monkey Brand wore a high hat, and a long buttoned-up frock coat, and varnished boots. As he came toward them in the sunshine, there was a rigid, controlled desolation in his yellow-lined face, which made Janet feel suddenly ashamed of her happiness in her own love.

"I had better go," said Fred, hurriedly. "I don't want to be uncivil to the brute in my own house."

"Go," said Janet. "But, of course, you must stop. Mr. Brand has come down on purpose to see us."

She went forward to meet him, and as he took her hand somewhat stiffly, he met the tender sympathy in her clear eyes, and winced under it.

His face became a shade less rigid. He looked shrunk and exhausted, as if he had undergone the extreme rigor of a biting frost. Perhaps he had.

"I have come to see you on business," he said to Janet, hardly returning Fred's half-nervous, half-defiant greeting.

Janet led the way into the little parlor, and they sat down in silence. Fred sat down near the door, and began picking at the rose in his buttonhole.

Monkey Brand held his hat in his hand. He took off one black glove, dropped it into his hat, and looked fixedly at it.

The cloud on Janet's horizon lay heavy over her whole sky. A single petal, loosened by a shaking hand, fell from Fred's rose on to the floor.

"I am sure, Miss Black," said Monkey Brand, "that you will offer me an explanation respecting your visit to my flat when my wife was dying."

"I went up at her wish," said Janet, breathing hard. She seemed to see again Cuckoo's anguished, fading eyes fixed upon her.

"Why?"

"She asked me to go and see if her picture were safe."

"I had already told her it was safe."

Janet did not answer.

The rose in Fred's buttonhole fell, petal by petal.

Monkey Brand's voice had hardened when he spoke again.

"I am sure," he said, and for a moment he fixed his dull, sinister eyes upon her, "that you will see the advisability, the necessity, of telling me why you burned some papers when you clandestinely visited my flat."

"I burned nothing."

He looked into his hat. Janet's bewildered eyes followed the direction of his, and looked into his hat too. There was nothing in it but a glove.

"There were ashes of burned papers in the grate," he continued. "The lift-man saw you leave the room, which had smoke in it. A valuable paper, your brother's I. O. U., is missing. I merely state established facts, which it is useless, which it is prejudicial to you, to contradict."

"I burned nothing," said Janet again; but there was a break in her voice. Her heart began to struggle like some shy woodland animal which suddenly sees itself surrounded.

Monkey Brand looked again at her. His wife had loved her. Across the material, merciless face of the money-lender a flicker passed of some other feeling besides the business of the moment; as if—almost as if he would not have been averse to help her, if she would deal straightforwardly with him.

"You were my wife's friend," he said, after a moment's pause. "She often spoke of you with affection. I also regarded you with high esteem. A few days before you came to stay with us I was looking over my papers one evening and I mentioned that your brother's I. O. U. would fall due almost immediately. She said she believed it would ruin him if I called in the money then. I said I should do so, for I had waited once already against my known rules of business. I never

wait. I should not be in the position which I occupy to-day if I had ever waited. She said, 'Wait, at least, till after Janet's wedding. It might tell against her if her brother went smash just before.' I replied that I should foreclose, wedding or none. She came across to me, and by a sudden movement took the I. O. U. out of my hand before I could stop her. 'I won't have Janet distressed,' she said. 'I shall keep it myself till after the wedding;' and she locked it up before my eyes in a cabinet I had given her, in which she kept her own papers. I seldom yield to sentiment, but she—she recalled to me my own wedding—and in this instance I did so. It was the last evening we spent at home alone together. She went much to the theatre, and in society, and I seldom had time to accompany her."

Monkey Brand stopped a moment. Then he went on.

"My wife saw you alone when she was dying. She was evidently anxious to see you alone. It was like her even then to think of others. If you tell me, on your word of honor, that she asked you to go up to the flat and burn that I. O. U., and that she told you where to find it—No. If she even gave you leave, as you were no doubt anxious on the subject—if you assure me that she yielded to your entreaties and that she even gave you leave to destroy it—I will believe it. I will accept your statement. The last wish of my wife, if you say it was her wish, is enough for me." Monkey Brand looked out of the window at the still noonday sunshine. "I would abide by it," he said, and his face worked.

"She never spoke to me on the subject of the I. O. U.," said Janet, two large tears rolling down her quivering cheeks. "She never gave me leave to burn it. I didn't burn it. I burned nothing."

"Janet!" almost shrieked Fred, nearly beside himself. "Janet, don't you see that—that—Tell him you did it. We both know you did it. Own the truth."

Janet looked from one to the other.

"I burned nothing," she said, but her eyes fell. Her word had never been doubted before.

Both men saw she was lying.

Monkey Brand's face changed. It became once again as many poor wretches had seen it, whose hard-wrung money had gone to buy his wife's gowns and diamonds.

He got up. He took his glove out of the crown of his hat, put on his hat in the room, and walked slowly out of the house. In the doorway he looked back at Janet, and she saw, directed at her for the first time, the expression with which she was to grow familiar, that which meets the swindler and the liar.

The brother and sister watched in silence the rigid little departing figure, as it climbed back, wrong leg first, into the dogcart and drove away.

Then Fred burst out.

"Oh! you fool, you fool!" he stammered, shaking from head to foot. "Why didn't you say Mrs. Brand told you to burn it? His wife was his soft side. Oh! my God! what a chance, and you didn't take it. That man will ruin us yet. I saw it in his face."

"But she didn't tell me to burn it."

Janet looked like a bewildered, distressed child who suddenly finds herself in a room full of machinery of which she understands nothing, and whose inadvertent touch, as she tries to creep away, has set great malevolent wheels whirling all round her.

"I dare say she didn't," said Fred, fiercely; and he flung out of the room.

He went and stood a long time leaning over the fence into the paddock where his yearlings were.

"It's an awful thing to be a fool," he said to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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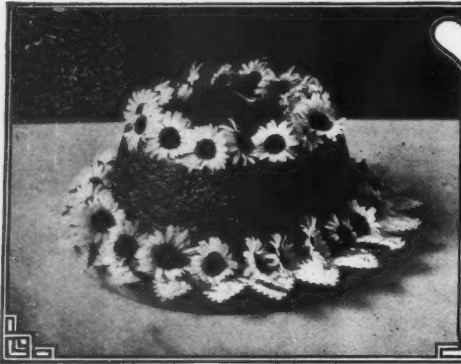
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FANCY CAKES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS : BY ELIZABETH W. MORRISON



Marguerite Cake



Birthday Cake



Jelly-Cream Coconut Cake

MANY HOUSEKEEPERS look aghast when the question of decorating cakes comes up, and it arises quite often in a family where there are young folk who entertain, therefore it behooves every housekeeper to try her hand at this feature, which does not involve much extra trouble and very little skill.

Once in a while a prettily decorated cake brought to the table when there are no guests other than one's immediate family will elicit many encomiums and also tempt the appetite.

No expensive apparatus is required; just a couple of cornucopias made of thick writing-paper and sewed up the side. When the cakes are ready to decorate, cover thickly with icing and set until firm. Fill the cornucopia with whatever the decoration is to be of—an icing colored—then, holding steadily in the left hand, commence to press from the larger end toward the smaller, pressing the icing out in a slender line from the opening. Unless accustomed to this work, it is better to trace with a sharply pointed skewer the design on to the icing first, then following it out with the colored.

When the recipe calls for the butter to be creamed before adding the sugar, this should always be heeded. This process consists of beating and working the butter until it becomes like thick cream. In this way the oil cells are broken and the texture of the cake made finer in consequence.

Sifting the flour makes it lighter, and, unless stated otherwise, should be measured after sifting.

It is safer to test the cake batter by dropping a little on a small pan and baking. If it spreads and is flat, the batter needs more flour. If tough, it needs a little more milk. Some flour thickens more readily than others, so the exact amount cannot be judged.

When using bi-carbonate of soda, a level teaspoonful is meant unless otherwise stated.

CONFECTION CAKE.—One-half cupful of butter, three-quarters cupful of milk, one cupful of fine granulated sugar, three eggs, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cup-



Confection Cake

fuls of sifted pastry flour. Cream the butter, then add the sugar gradually and cream while adding; then beat in the beaten egg-yolks, the milk and one tablespoonful of dry sherry and one teaspoonful of vanilla; then add one cupful of flour in which has been sifted the baking powder; then fold in the stiffly beaten whites; then the other cupful of flour; bake in layers. When cool put together with the following:

CONFECTION FILLING.—Stir one and one half cupfuls of sugar and a half cupful of water until sugar is dissolved, then boil until it spins a thread when dropped from a spoon. Have ready two egg-whites beaten stiff and dry; then, while beating constantly, pour the hot syrup on to them and beat until cold and rather stiff; then add one cupful of chopped nut-meats, shredded figs and candied fruit, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract. Decorate the top as illustrated with currant jelly and whole candied cherries; a ring about the base.

JELLY-CREAM COCOANUT.—One and one-fourth cupfuls of granulated sugar boiled with one-fourth cupful of water until it spins a thread; beat the seven egg-yolks until lemon color, then pour on to them gradually the hot syrup, beating constantly the eggs, until cold; then add one cupful of pastry flour, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, and then the whites beaten very stiff. Bake in layers.

JELLY-CREAM.—Place one pint of milk in a basin set in hot water; when hot, add a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Cook a few moments; then stir in one tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little cold water; remove from hot water; set on ice and stir until it commences to thicken; then add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of grated cocoanut. Spread between layers and cover top and sides with a boiled icing; then coat thoroughly with the cocoanut.

A BIRTHDAY CAKE.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one cupful of boiled coffee, three and a half cupfuls of pastry flour, five level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of powdered cloves, one-half teaspoonful of powdered mace, three-quarters of a cupful of seeded and chopped raisins, a half cupful of shredded figs and citron, two tablespoonfuls of brandy; mix all together in order given; bake in a loaf pan; when cool, ice with any preferred colored frosting; place candles in paste roses about and edge with flowers. The candles must correspond or harmonize with the icing and flowers.

MARGUERITE CAKE.—Cream one-half cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and cream again; then add one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one teaspoonful of almond extract. Then fold in the whites of five eggs beaten very stiffly; bake in a loaf. When cool, ice with the following: Beat into one egg-yolk and juice of half a lemon as much confectioners' sugar as it will take up; then ice the cake; trim with marguerites.



A FIELD FOR WOMAN'S ENTERPRISE : : BY MRS. B. M. SHERMAN

FROM AFFLUENCE to penury; from being a leader of fashion to becoming a member of the great army of wage-earners—such was the problem which faced one of New York's well-known women, and at first it was a hard one to solve. What could she do? Every field was filled. To open out a new one would mean success, but where could she find a business which some man or woman had not already exploited?

Calling on a friend one day, in a chance remark she obtained her clue. Her friend's mother was ill, and in the course of conversation she bewailed her inability to get nourishing chicken broth anywhere in the city. Her cook was not a success at it. What she bought at the caterer's was too greasy, and what was sold in bottles must be used at once or it became sour.

"Any one," the friend exclaimed, "who would make good beef tea and chicken broth for invalids would make a fortune. There is no place in the city where these delicacies may be obtained."

The woman returned home and put on her thinking-cap. An old family servant was called into consultation. Margaret was an excellent cook, and had made beef tea and chicken broth for every member of the family from childhood up. She could be relied upon to get all the substance, with none of the fat, out of the leanest meat or scrawniest chicken. Making a thorough investigation, the woman found that there really was no place where such delicacies were for sale, and after consulting with several of the best physicians, who thought the idea an excellent one and promised to send their patients to her, she decided to start in the business of providing delicacies for the sick-room.

Everything was conducted on a very modest scale at first. She had only two rooms, one for a kitchen, in which Margaret reigned supreme, and the other for an office and reception-room. Her first principle, to charge a big price for her broths, was severely criticised, and the pessimists predicted failure; but, in spite of adverse criticism, she persisted, and people came to her terms. She was the first in the field, she had a monopoly of the business, and she argued that if people

wanted the luxuries she had to offer they would have to pay for them.

She made specialties of chicken and mutton broths, beef tea, and calf's-foot jelly. The chicken broth was as clear as amber, and could be kept for days. The mutton broth was free from fat, palatable, and seasoned with barley, just as the physicians for years back had been vainly trying to get it for their patients. The beef tea was strong, clear and nutritious, and the calf's-foot jelly was made from calves' feet, not from gelatine flavored with some patent concoction to make it taste like the real article.

All these were put up in dainty glass jars, which could be kept in a cool place and not spoil. She stood ready to send out any of these four delicacies at short notice. It was not long before the hotels learned of her venture and a large trade was built up among their patrons. Many a visitor to a strange city has been taken suddenly ill, and has perhaps experienced the discomfort of being cared for in a hotel. Such people soon learned to appreciate the privilege of obtaining nutritious broths and jellies, even though they had to pay exorbitantly for them.

The woman's business soon outgrew her quarters and herself, and she was obliged to add more room and additional assistants. In the meantime she had added another department, which opened out an almost unlimited market. Some friends going to Europe with an invalid mother sent her to know if it were possible to get beef tea and chicken broth put up in sufficient quantities to last through the voyage. It would be so much better for the invalid if she could have these properly made and not be dependent on the canned broths which are always served on shipboard. Nothing daunted, she said she would try, and the experiment proved so successful that nearly every steamer sailing from New York carries a dozen or more jars of this woman's make of broth and jellies.

A call coming one day from one of the hotels to know if she had an invalid's chair to rent proved the beginning of another branch. There are many people who only need a chair for a few weeks, and to whom the price is not the obstacle, but what to do with the unwieldy article of furniture

after the necessity for it has passed away. These people are only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to rent one for the required time. She purchased half a dozen of these chairs, and soon found it necessary to add to her stock. Her idea was so good that a number of places in the city to-day keep a stock of invalid chairs on hand for renting.

If a sterilizer is needed for a short time she will supply it. The demand for milk specially prepared for invalids and infants has grown into one of the most important departments of the establishment. Within the past year the business has been greatly extended, and to-day every requisite for the sick-room may be obtained there. Bandages, operating tables, invalid chairs, crutches, sterilizers—in a word, all the appliances for the comfort of the sick which modern science calls for. This department is under the care of a trained nurse, who thoroughly understands what is needed.

A nurses' bureau has also been opened, and nurses will be furnished at short notice by the month, week, day, or for a few hours to patients not ill enough to require constant attendance. She found so great a demand from strangers in the city, ill in some hotel, for the services of a nurse for a few hours every day, that she started such a system, and finds that sometimes the demand exceeds the supply for nurses who will go in the morning for a couple of hours, bathe the patient, put the room in order, receive the physician's orders, attend to any immediate treatment, and leave the patient comfortable for the rest of the day.

There is room for an enterprise of this kind in every town, and surely no business which a woman can go into is so essentially womanly as that of preparing food for the invalid and comforts for the sick-room. The invalid of to-day has none of the discomforts endured by our ancestors, and the pioneer woman in the business of making the sick-room a cheerful one, instead of the chamber of horrors it used to be, providing nutritious broths to take the place of the unsavory things we once were fed, should receive the thanks of the great army who have benefited by the necessity which forced her to use her talent for the benefit of humanity instead of burying it.

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A SEASONABLE REMINDER

By MARGARET HALL

THERE is a household feature, small in itself, yet of vital importance, which is too often slighted, if not wholly ignored, by the indifferent mistress: That is personal inspection of the ice-box.

Many women culpably begrudge, say, possibly, five minutes daily, toward honoring this simple yet paramount obligation. The young matron whose home-training has included no acquaintance with domestic duties audaciously proclaims that "she never visits her kitchen, that she leaves to her well-paid servants the responsibility of all details connected therewith." It is more than probable that in every such case an unexpected investigation of the methods and rulings of this department would unfold a very startling and far from comforting revelation. In demonstration of which we hear of the prominent physician, who, returning home very late in the night, and not wishing to arouse a domestic, becomes his own servitor in the direction of the refrigerator, to find "a condition absolutely noxious enough," as he himself expressed it to his neglectful wife, "to create a menace of typhoid in the neighborhood."

In cold weather, dereliction of duty in this regard is bad enough, but in hot and humid days it becomes criminality. The ice-box should be at all times, to the unequivocal knowledge of every housewife, the most immaculate and perfectly regulated feature in even a faultlessly conducted ménage.

While every particle of food which might be made serviceable a second time should be prudently set aside and cared for from one day until the next, the line should be drawn very rigidly right at this point. Many dishes and portions of food thus placed away by a procrastinating and unconscionable domestic are left for indefinite periods, harsh as the declaration may appear, in seeming perversion of the purpose of the refrigerator to that of the refuse-can. Nothing hot, or even warm, should ever be placed in the ice-box. All food should be previously allowed to cool off thoroughly. Meat when received from the butcher should be immediately removed from the paper, washed off with a clean wet cloth and laid on a plate in the ice-box. Immediate contact with the ice will detract from the best flavor of the meat. Several pieces of meat should never be placed one on top of the other. Even where there are only a couple of steaks, or a few chops, do not in warm weather stack them one over the other. They will keep much better separately. Fish, after being cleansed and washed, may be placed on the ice with the skin side downward.

Fruit does not belong in the ice-box; nor does cheese. The latter should be kept in a tin box in some cool, dry place, and wrapped in a clean, white cloth.

Milk and butter should always be kept covered and given, where feasible, a separate compartment in the refrigerator. Nothing so rapidly absorbs the flavor of anything and everything with which it may be associated as will these two articles. The best of butter will quickly spoil if allowed to remain uncovered; and milk soon becomes a depository for all formidable stray germs and floating dust particles.

A large piece of ice every other day, of size sufficient to fill the section designed to hold the ice, will be found more satisfactory and profitable than a small piece every day. A larger piece will generate more quickly a low degree of temperature, and also ensure its unabated continuance. Neither the lid nor the doors of the ice-box should ever be left open one instant longer than imperatively necessary.

Paper will be found effectual in preserving the ice from melting, but this must be renewed each day in dry, fresh quantities; and no pieces of damp or moist paper must ever be allowed to remain in the ice-box. Newspapers may be used. The ice must be covered on the sides and the top.

The refrigerator should be emptied of its contents and washed out at least twice a week, and always thoroughly dried and aired before the food is replaced. The drain-pipe must be kept clear and pure.

FOOD

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THE HEART-SHAPED FIGURE AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT

By MARY G. HEINTZELMAN



Mary Heintzelman

FROM the hour-glass figures of our grandmothers' vanity to the heart-shaped forms of the up-to-date athletic women of today, it is a far cry. From the heavy, clumsy, cruel stays of fifty years ago—those instruments of torture compared with which a strait-jacket were a comfortable garment—to the easy, supple, straight front corset of the modern woman represents half a century of folly, punctuated with the most exquisite torture.

What corset-wearing woman of this period does not remember the agony of "breaking in" a new pair of corsets, what torture to attain the hour-glass figure and the stovepipe waist! Indeed it seems almost impossible to realize that the present-day corset is the "lineal" descendant of the diabolical contrivance of long ago. But such indeed it really is, and the straight-front corset of to-day is but a natural revolution.

The result of the transition is even now noticeable in the improved form of the feminine figure. This for many reasons. For one thing, the straight-front corset compels the wearer to cultivate a good carriage. She is obliged to hold her abdomen well in and throw the weight of her torso upon the hips. Then, too, she must throw back her shoulders, an action which follows naturally upon the improved carriage of the hips.

My attention was first directed several years ago toward the idea of improving the old models by the fact that all the corsets then in vogue, together with their predecessors, were cut with lines curving tightly against the stomach, causing compression of the vital organs. Corsets had been long on the hips and short on the hips, and low-busted and high-busted, but they all presented the former defect. I got the idea that something practical and artistic could be designed to obviate this fault. I took the corset I was then wearing. I slashed it in a dozen places, and set about to give it shape and curve by inserting gussets and reconstructing its contour generally, when suddenly it came to me that the seams of the garment ran at almost right angles to the muscles which give the body form. Why not run the seams parallel to the natural lines of the body, allowing the corset to coincide with the natural curves? This was accomplished by bias gores so made that the different sections were joined by bias seams following lines and curves carried from a point under the arms, transversely down and toward the front and bottom of the garment. The straight-front corset in my

hands became a reality, and the heart-shaped figure commenced to exist, and with its advent forms began to develop, health to improve, appetites to enlarge, digestion became better, and respiration less impaired.

In the perfect or decided straight-front corset, the bust gores extend down to the waist line, thus eliminating the direct under-bust curve of the old style garment.

No woman can fail to obtain perfect comfort as well as the assurance of no bad results, either to health or form, from a judiciously selected corset nowadays. But the corset must fit correctly. In the first place, it should be three inches less than actual measurement of the waist outside the gown, and the corset when laced should never meet, not even at the waist line. If a corset fits, a gown made over it may be satisfactory; but disregard the corset fitting and the outlines of the entire costume are destroyed. Never less than six or eight yards of lacing should be used in girding up a straight-front model, this to be in two laces of five or six yards each. They should be knotted at the top and started down the eyelets until the pair just below the waist is reached. Here the laces are looped each on its own side to the next eyelet, after which the regular crossing is completed to the bottom of the garment, where the free ends are tied. The drawing and regulating all comes at the waist line and not at the top or bottom. Above everything, the lacing should never permit top of the corset to arrange itself into a V shape. It is preferable, too, that the laces be untied and never left fastened when the garment is off the body.

A corset too small should be judiciously avoided. The small waist line is shunned by the smartly dressed woman, and the Venus de Medici, with "waist much discussed," is no longer scorned by those who would be absolutely "good form." It seems that the woman who posed for this beautiful old statue might have been quite at ease in a straight-front corset, but it would be ridiculous to imagine her in a corset of any other cut.

Next season's straight-front designs, now out of the sampling process, are slightly higher in the bust than those of this year. The hips are the long dip sort, intended to give the figure an effect altogether svelt and attractive. Slender women may disfavor this princess cut, preferring to keep their hips free. But the arrangement of the garment in no way retards the hip movement, nor does it change the hip line. It simply carries out the curve more artistically, giving the hip line a length and grace which cannot possibly be obtained with the short corset. The woman who would be correct in gowning, whether she be slender or stout, must countenance this long hip line, for it is the prescribed mark of all next season's styles. Straight front girdles of ribbon and tape will continue to be worn on the links, the tan bark in the gymnasium, and for ping-pong, but in everything not athletic the long princess model will reign.

The SCIENCE of SANDWICH-MAKING

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

THE old-fashioned sandwich—two thick wedges of bread, erratically buttered, hard of crust, exuding mustard, and with frills of ham or corned beef about the edge—has been relegated to the past by the arrival of the meat-chopper. The only places where it seems to linger is at railroad lunch counters; occasionally, too, it reappears at a Sunday-school picnic. The sandwiches of the past were of half a dozen varieties, the filling of a modern sandwich is limited only by what you have on hand. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, eggs, nuts, fruit, cheese and pickles may be utilized alone, or combined, and the result, when prepared by a skilful cook, is a dainty and delicious morsel.

The first subject, when one takes up sandwich-making, is bread. If many sandwiches are required, as for a reception or picnic, I prefer to bake the bread specially for them; there is less waste and the work is so much easier. For this purpose I keep on hand plenty of baking-powder cans, one-pound and half-pound sizes, also a few oblong tins which have held one pound of cocoa. Nothing can excel these as molds for baking bread for picnic sandwiches; it is tender, almost crustless, it needs no trimming to make two slices accord in size and it bakes or steams much more quickly than in larger tins.

Make the bread twenty-four hours before it is required and try to have it fine-grained.

Fill the cans half full of dough and set to rise. When almost at the top of the tins put to bake with the lids off. Fill three-quarters full of brown bread mixture—it does not rise so much as bread which has yeast in it. Slip the small loaves out of the tins as soon as taken from the oven or steamer and set on a wire stand to cool; then wrap in towels and put away in the bread-box until required.

The next consideration is the butter. Put a pound of butter (if you have many sandwiches to make) in a mixing bowl and with a slitted wooden spoon beat it thoroughly to a fine, light cream, exactly as for cake making. The butter is much easier to spread, it is more economical, then it is ready to divide into portions and blend with anything to make what is called a flavored butter, the most delicate of all fillings.

Before preparing the sandwiches, if they are to be used at a luncheon or entertainment where other dishes accompany them, be careful that the flavoring is different from the salad with which they are served. It is really in better taste to offer nothing with a salad or cold meat except plain sandwiches of bread and butter; still, fashion seems to demand a flavored nibble as a salad accompaniment. Fish, lobster or shrimp salads are most appetizing with sandwiches of Boston brown bread holding a tender let-

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tuces-leaf or a sprig of watercress dipped in mayonnaise. Serve sandwiches of mild cheese flavored by mustard or tarragon with green salads. White bread sandwiches holding tender young nasturtium leaves between the buttered folds go well with salads of meat or fish. Garnish a plateful of this variety with a few nasturtium leaves and blossoms. Finely cut peppergrass, chives, endive or celery are all fitting accompaniments to sandwiches, which are offered with a meat or chicken salad. Cucumbers and tomatoes thinly sliced and spread with mayonnaise make a delicious bite between buttered bread. Cut with a small cookie cutter rounds of bread, slightly larger than the slice of tomato or cucumber, and put the vegetable between them. These, as well as the herb sandwiches, must not be made until immediately before serving.

Cheese, which is generally the first course in a sandwich menu, may be spread between folds of white, graham or entire wheat bread or delicate crackers. Roquefort, fromage de Brie, or any of the stronger cheeses, should be flavored with finely chopped chives or parsley and creamed butter. Combine with a milder cheese chopped olives, walnut meats, anchovy essence and a dash of mustard, paprika and salt. Grate hard cheese and mash soft cheese with a spoon, afterward rub to a paste with mayonnaise or butter and flavoring. The delicious little cream or Neuchâtel cheeses may be blended with chopped walnuts, given a bit of seasoning by Parmesan cheese, also a hint of lemon juice and paprika.

Under the head of Savory Sandwiches is a long list of possibilities. They include meat, fish, egg, as well as fillings obtained from chopped olives and pickles, or some strong seasoning, curry, caviar or anchovy. For all sorts of meat, use a chopper grinding with the finest knife. It provides a paste which, blended with mayonnaise, is as easy to spread on bread as butter. Scores of recipes might be offered to direct this blending process, but the clever cook, with her own palate as criterion, can easily adapt a few suggestions to the materials on hand. Chicken combines well with celery, chopped nuts and olives. The most delicate chicken sandwich I know is seasoned with celery salt

and moistened with thick whipped cream instead of mayonnaise. Ham paste is blended with mayonnaise, mustard, chopped olives and gherkins. Veal paste may be seasoned like chicken—indeed one can scarcely tell the difference between the two fillings. Roast beef, corned beef, lamb and poultry paste make good sandwiches. If you have not enough of one meat add to it another which harmonizes in flavor; for instance, veal goes well with any sort of poultry, while tongue and ham make a good mixture. If remains of roast beef, lamb or corned beef are small, chop and blend each separately; nothing seems to assimilate well with red-blooded meats. Use mustard, a few drops of onion extract and chopped pickles as flavoring. They are better moistened with creamed butter than with mayonnaise. Put lobster, shrimp or crab meat through the chopper. Cold fish or canned salmon is better delicately picked to flakes with a fork. Sardines, anchovies and salt fish make tasty picnic sandwiches. Pound them to a paste and give a touch of acidity by lemon juice or chopped pickle. Eggs should be hard-boiled; allow to become thoroughly cold, then put through a chopper, mix with mayonnaise or butter and season well.

Then one comes to sweet sandwiches—the variety is almost unlimited. Figs, dates, prunes, raisins, nuts, preserved ginger and candied peel are some of the fruits which may be chopped, sweetened, moistened with whipped cream, lemon, orange or pineapple juice and spread between folds of white bread. When preparing them for an entertainment, cut heart, diamond or club shaped, and on top of each lay something which suggests the filling—an English walnut meat, a shred of green citron peel, or half a maraschino cherry, dipped in icing to make them stick. When you wish to roll sandwiches, use fresh bread, spread very lightly with the filling and pin into shape with a fine toothpick.

It is quite easy to keep sandwiches fresh some hours before they are required. Wrap a napkin as dry as possible from hot water—a good plan is to put it through the wringer—wrap the sandwiches in it very carefully, then cover in a stone jar or something which will exclude the air.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City.

VERMONT READER.—To set a table properly, lay the knives, teaspoon, soup spoon and tumbler at the right of a plate, the forks and bread and butter plate at the left.

Mrs. ROBERT STONE.—You can make an excellent frying fat by adding two pounds of melted suet to five pounds of lard. This mixture is far superior to lard alone and it burns less easily.

Mrs. H. G.—When baking cake it is much easier to grease the pan thoroughly, then flour it, than to line it with paper. Cake will not stick nor burn readily when the tin has been prepared in this way.

HOPEFUL.—Quite possible. Wear the best costumes; have your clothes made by a really good dressmaker, and hold yourself upright. A few lessons in deportment would do you a great deal of good.

R. T.—Granulated sugar is better for all cooking purposes than soft white or brown sugar. The latter may cost a penny less a pound, but it is so moist that one is really paying a cent or two for wetness.

MOLLIE BAIN.—The best method for removing ink stains from any cotton or linen fabric is to soak it in buttermilk, then rinse in cold water. If the ink has been allowed to dry, several applications of the buttermilk may be required.

Mrs. F.—An excellent method for preserving meat which in hot weather cannot be immediately used is to wipe it with a wet cloth and dry thoroughly, then rub all over with oil and vinegar mixed in equal proportion. Set the meat in the refrigerator until required.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—A sink which has become rusty and roughened may be easily cleaned by leaving it for an hour or two soaking with a liberal coat of kerosene. Afterward scrub with hot water and sand soap, then dry thoroughly before you allow the water to run again.

AUNT EMMA.—If you wish to protect most carefully a finely polished dining table, cover with sheets of asbestos paper laid smoothly under the mesh cloth of felt, which is always put beneath the linen. The heat of a dish even fresh from the oven cannot touch the polish with asbestos between.

W. M. CARTON.—Never attempt to bleach your hair. It rarely answers even for a time, and tends to promote grayness. The color of the hair is always well in harmony with the eyes and skin, and it is a great mistake to alter it. I can, however, tell you of a good lotion which will make it look brighter. Write to me again.

THERESA M. T.—Peroxide of hydrogen is good for whitening the skin of the neck when brown, but it must not be used too often, or it will make the skin sore. This brown tint arises from many causes: tight collars and stocks among others, and a high collar of a sealskin coat will often stain a neck after a whole winter's wear.

ALAX.—I should say that indigestion is probably the cause of the palpitation of the heart. Flatulence will sometimes also give rise to the most distressing symptoms. The presence of wind in the stomach sometimes presses upon the heart and causes symptoms which the sufferer at once attributes to heart disease. Attend to the digestion; eat only nourishing and wholesome food, and all these uncomfortable feelings will disappear.

Mrs. MILLIE.—Marinating means to pour over a salad a French dressing made of salad oil and vinegar, usually three parts of oil to one of vinegar, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. To be well marinated a salad should stand in the refrigerator absorbing this dressing for about half an hour. Do not marinate green salads till just before serving, as the vegetables become wilted.

In sending wedding silver, how should one have it marked?—A. V. L.

It is an accepted fact to-day that a bride usually prefers to receive silver unmarked. This allows for exchange of duplicates, and for exercise of the owner's individual taste in the matter. If, however, marking will improve the appearance of the gift, and the giver wants it done, a combination of the surname initials of bride and groom is the most satisfactory mark.

L. F. S.—A thin solution of gum arabic is far better to stiffen dark muslins or calicoes than starch, which invariably leaves white, sticky streaks. Use it exactly as you would starch, first dissolving the gum in cold water, then thin with boiling water. It is an excellent plan to dissolve ten cents worth of gum arabic occasionally and keep it in a tightly corked bottle on a laundry shelf. As the gum takes several hours to dissolve, this means no waiting when starching is required.

Are centre-pieces used now as much as a few years ago?—C. P. R.

The table centre and doilies are in a sense used more than ever before. They started as a fad, and from that standpoint may be considered to have "gone out" as all fads do, but they have earned their place as a permanent adornment of a well-set table, especially if a decorated table, and in this capacity they will always be used. It is therefore quite well worth while to put the most beautiful and careful embroidery on them. Finely embroidered centre-pieces and squares of lace may be considered heirlooms in fact.

BARRY.—Electricity used to the face daily is of great service in the cure and prevention of crow's-feet and wrinkles. The electrode previously moistened with water should be moved in a direction across the length of the lines, and gently passed all round the eyes. This will also strengthen the eyes very much. The gentle use of electricity will not increase the little red veins you speak of, but these can be completely cured by the application of electrolysis. It is impossible for you to do anything for the veins yourself; this should be attended to by a reliable person who thoroughly understands it.

I want to make myself some colored petticoats that will wash well. What is best to use and how shall I make them?—MARGARET.

Striped or fancy gingham is as nice a texture as you could find for the purpose; it is thin, both sides alike and washes well. Cut it similarly to an outside skirt, but less wide; do not think because it is an underskirt it is necessary to have either a shaped band, gathers, or a number of plaits: the waist and hips should fit quite as smoothly as an upper skirt. A very pretty way of cutting is to make the plain part cease at about 18 inches shorter than the length required, which complete by a straight cut flounce, tucked above the hem, gathered at the upper edge and joined to the skirt by a cording made of the material over piping cord. The back of the seam must be made neat by a strip of the gingham. This will set well and always keep its shape when laundered. The skirt itself should be in five pieces—four gores and a front width.

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The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.



WOMEN AT THE RACETRACK

AT FIRST GLANCE it would not seem that woman had any very live interest at the races except as a casual but interested and enthusiastic visitor. The casual observer would probably remark that the sport seemed entirely appertaining to man.

This is not so. Not in long years has it been so, either in this or other English-speaking countries. In England and the colonies many women of prominence have been closely allied to the horse in all phases, and even in the United States Mrs. John M. Clay for years ran and managed the great Ashland stud farm, Mrs. J. B. Ferguson raises yearlings at the Kingston Stud, and many women in the West are running horse ranches.

Further than this, there are lady owners on the running turf. Mrs. L. Curtis owns Eugenia Burch, the famous two-year-old filly who won the Produce Stakes of \$10,000 at Brighton Beach this summer, as well as other important races. Mrs. Frank Farrell's horse The Musketeer recently broke the world's running record for seven-eighths of a mile. Mrs. Redfern (mother of the midjet jockey) and a number of others own and run horses to a much greater extent than any one dreams of. All of this while more or less hampered by the "man end" of the business. A woman may own horses and run them, but she cannot train them. She would scarcely be permitted on the dirt track to train her own horses, and would probably be asked for the trainer's badge, which has not yet been issued to a woman. She might, and does, direct all operations from the paddock or club-house balcony, but she must have a trainer who is a man, and he poses as the master in about all but paying the bills. Not until quite recently has woman's name appeared on the programme and in the entry lists.

It is the custom in England to register colors and make entries under the name of "Mr. So-and-So," as also do several gentlemen, the noted owner of Apology (the handsome Oaks winner), "Mr. Launde," being the Rev. Mr. King of Ashby-de-la-Launde. In this country we have "Mr. Chamblet," a well-known Bostonian who does not care to race in his own name; and this year, also, two well-known young matrons of social prominence became jealous of their husbands' good luck with a very small stable and registered themselves as "Mr. Roslyn," with the astute John E. Madden as trainer, buyer and general adviser.

Passing to the woman as a spectator and a speculator, the sex line is still drawn somewhat tightly. A club member at any of the important Eastern racing or turf clubs has the privilege of free admission for one or two ladies on his membership ticket to club-house or track privileges. Saratoga is the only exception; this year the club members paid for their ladies. This courtesy passed, the paddock is open to her inspection, but the betting ring is closed. There is a gallery where she can overlook the modern maelstrom, but it is forbidden ground for her feet. Two years ago at Brighton Beach a very well-dressed and rather attractive, modest girl, with a pair of field-glasses swung round her shoulders, demurely meandered into the ring and allowed herself to be pushed around, trodden on and shouldered without mercy—as are the men all the time—taking in the sights, until the Pinkerton officer caught sight of her and politely escorted her beyond the limits of the Forbidden Land. When the woman bets she does so through an accredited commissioner, who visits her at her seat in grand-stand or club-house, or she does it through male friends. Most regular woman visitors prefer to manage their own business through a commissioner. These are a number of men who work under a superintendent, and are held responsible to him for honesty and correctly quoting prices, making collections and for general civility. So soon as the betting opens in the great ring on any race these men come along with a programme on which is marked the quotations of the ring in duplicate. Any woman wishing to make a wager asks what price the favored horse is and hands her money to the agent. He marks the amount of the desired wager on her programme and in his own book, and goes off with that and several other commissions. Later he returns and advises the speculator what has been done in her behalf. If she loses, of course the money is gone. If she wins, he collects and brings it to her.

It would seem from this description that she has much the best of it. She has not to wrestle round a crowded ring, filled with excited, half crazy people, who almost tear the clothes off one's back, but sits and takes the world and life easy. She pays a high price for the ease, and she knows it. The commissioner works one of several ways. This knowledge must be entirely *sub rosa*, as the smart dealing would be promptly denied by the interested parties. The prices quoted to the women in the grand-stand are seldom so good as those to be obtained by a personal visit to the ring. That is to say, if a horse is 2 to 1 in the ring and a \$10 bet would win

\$20, the woman's quotation will probably be 8 to 5, or a win of \$16 for the same risk. This is due to a variety of causes. It may be that the individual commissioner is a very clever youth and manages so as to stand to make \$4 for himself on that particular bet with nothing to lose. It may be that the book with which he does the bulk of his business in the ring—for a consideration, of course—makes a slightly shorter price to cover the honorarium it may or may not be paying the commissioner, or some one connected with him, for the business brought. Whichever way it may be in any individual case certain it is that very seldom does the woman receive the best of the quotations where the horse selected is believed by the cognoscenti to have a chance of winning.

It has frequently occurred that the commissioner has thought the horse selected to have such a poor chance that he has "held the bet out," or, in other words, simply placed the amount in his pocket, to keep it if the horse lost, letting the fair bettor believe it had been placed with a responsible bookmaker. This scheme is all right so long as the horse loses; but occasionally he wins, and then there is trouble. The poor devil of a commissioner has not the money handy, as a rule, to pay a \$10 placed on a 50 to 1 shot, and so he either disappears, leaving the irate lady to settle with his chief, or he throws himself upon her mercy, and more generally escapes all except her terrible scolding. Most men would sooner bolt. If the case is taken to the higher officials, and investigation shows the transaction, the \$10 placed in such a case is refunded, but not any part of the winnings paid. The average woman would sooner lose the whole thing than technically win a 50 to 1 bet and then only be secured against loss. The lowest depths are not deep enough for the luckless man who takes such chances and fails.

It used to be quite a joke as to the manner in which a woman selected her horses, and in those days there was truth in the assertion that she was widely governed by the attractiveness of a name, the matching of the colors with her complexion, or the looks of the jockey riding. This is all a thing of the past. The woman to-day may be erratic, she may insist upon playing her horses to get third only, instead of across the board—which means to win so much if they finish first, so much more for second and so much for third—and she may have curiously irrelevant ideas as to "form," but she understands herself, and is a keen observer, knowing just what she is doing. This, of course, applies to the habitué, the woman the writer has known by sight by the score for long past, regular attendants at the track.

It used to be said that a woman "hat-pinned" her choices, which means that she folded her programme and thrust a pin through it, playing the horses nearest the pinhole. Well, two summers ago at the Sheephead fall meeting there was a race with six horses in it. A well-known racing man played three of the horses and not one of them came first, second or third at the finish, but his wife "hat-pinned" the winner, Janice, at 15 to 1, and played it for her modest risk of \$5. Then her husband threw his hands toward high heaven.

To-day there is little caprice in the matter. The average regular woman attendant is a closer observer than the average man. If a horse last week lost a race through a bad start, she will not forget it to-morrow when the horse starts again, yet not one man in a score will remember it. In this way women certainly manage to strike a great number of long-priced horses, and they play them totally irrespective of what any one else may say or think—unless it may be another woman—and this is where a man would inevitably be thrown off his selection by not being able to "stand the price," or, in other words, the long quotation would scare him off because he would think the owner was not backing it and thus did not think the animal had much chance.

The average woman will get excited during a race. She will "root," which is to cry aloud directions to the jockey or to the horse itself; she will wriggle and scream until she is purple in the face, practically riding the horse mentally to victory; she will make herself a hideous nightmare to every well-balanced man or woman in her neighborhood, and then when the race is over she will unblushingly vow her horse was badly treated, that he was first or wherever it might be, but that the judges stole the race from him. She will be all but ready to go to the judges' stand and have it out with them right there, and if the racing authorities are wise they will see to it that lovely woman gets no keener hold on the racing game than she has at present.

It is bad enough with men. They, however, can be controlled by adverse force if it comes to an issue. If a half-hundred women should get on the rampage some day over a disputed dead-heat decision, why, the gods help the judges and all standing in the way of the feminine avalanche.

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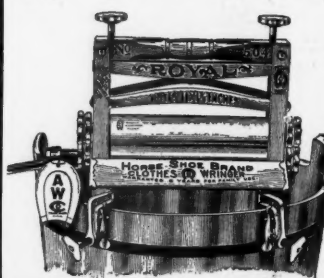
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WOMEN IN NEW YORK'S POLITICAL CAMPAIGN

"THE GENUINE politicians of this country are the wimmen folks."

This was the text of the maiden political speech of one William S. Devery, ex-chief of police of the metropolis, in opening his campaign for the leadership of the Ninth District of New York, a position of political importance a trifle less important than that of mayor of the city.

"Get the wimmen a-fightin' for us," he continued, "and somethin's doin'." Not that we got any use for Carrie Nations in this here district—for every saloon's goin' to be wide open and you're all goin' to drink on me. If the wimmen folks could vote it'd be a cinch to the finish. Take care of the wimmen first off, and they'll lead the men to the right votin' ticket at the primaries."

With this declaration, by the most distinctively unique character in the politics of New York State, began what has been, in certain respects, the most spectacular and most remarkable campaign recorded in the political history of the city.

It is not the province of this story to tell of all the Deverys of the country, but of that particular William S. Devery, who, not many months ago, was chief of police of New York; who "resigned" by request of the citizens; who retired a millionaire, though his salary never exceeded \$6,000 per annum; who resolved to make a fight for the Tammany leadership of the Ninth District, which means a fight for Czar-like power, the control of contracts for all public work, the giving of salaried "jobs" to the "faithful"; who is disowned by Tammany and denied the confidence of the Democratic party, and who yet aspires to succeed Richard Croker as the leader of Tammany Hall.

One of Devery's first acts in behalf of the "wimmen folks and kids" was to employ a corps of physicians, as one would hire a lot of tinware menders—by the week—to take care of the sick babies and whosever in the district was ill. To the seriously ill he sent trained nurses. If the patient died, Devery footed the funeral bills, sending around a line of hacks one block long, whether needed or not, to take the mourners to the cemetery. Thus two birds were killed by this process.

He appointed a committee, called "Devery's Deaconesses," to canvass the district daily in search of the distressed, the ragged, the hungry. This work needed not the methods of Sherlock Holmes, for the Ninth is one of the poorest metropolitan districts. Groceries, meat, milk, coal, shoes, were sent to the addresses reported by the "Deaconesses." When a deaconess reported less than thirty cases a day, Devery threatened her with dismissal from office, requesting her in his most polite way to "get a move on and hand out more ups touchin' on unfortunates."

Having provided for the material needs of the women and children, Devery now began satisfying their aesthetic cravings. He enter-

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Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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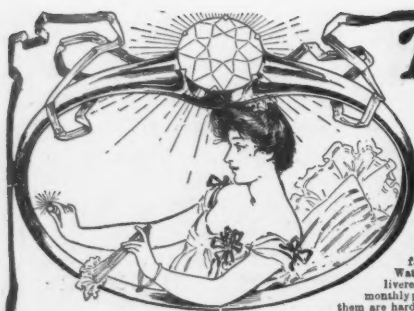
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tained them. He gave a "party," an all day excursion, of which the like was never before heard of in New York. His guests numbered 18,000 women and children. Up the Hudson, on two steamers, three tugs and five barges, the host carried his party, together with 3,000 nursing bottles, 8,000 quarts of milk, 5,000 pounds of corned beef, a couple of hundred hams, 500 heads of cabbage, twenty pounds of chicory, and 14,000 bags of popcorn; not to speak of a Himalaya of ice cream, whole vats of mustard and catsup, a cargo of onions, and a supply that created a corner in Ninth District pies.

The guests on this excursion were entertained by three vaudeville troupes, four brass bands, half a dozen bag pipers, accordion players and harmonica experts, and a glee club composed of striking coal miners. A special life-saving crew guarded the boat rails. "It was the biggest ever," said Devery, referring to the excursion.

The big chief's next move for the entertainment of the women and children was to charter one of the largest theatres in town—the American—wherein continuous performances were given three days in the week from noon to midnight.

While placating the women, while feeding the children tons of stick peppermint, Devery did not forget the men. From the beginning of things, in the middle of July, his battle-cry to the men could be heard above the tumult of clamor, the din of district mass-meetings, the hissing of bursting fireworks, the rasp of Eighth Avenue oratory, the uproar accompanying the raising of a banner at the Four Corners Club, the babble of a barbecue, and the howls that followed the Chief's elephantine efforts to catch the greased pig.

When his presence was not required at headquarters, or at a "chowdering" of the Jolly Pipers, or at a baseball game between the Ninth District street cleaners and the brewery stablemen, or at a saloon riot, Devery could be found at the "Pump." The Pump is to Devery what the Amen corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is to Thomas C. Platt; what the centre table in the café of the Democratic Club once was to Croker. The Pump is Devery's pulpit, or rostrum, whence he dispenses wisdom, issues orders to his aides, makes promises to all comers. Here he promised a job to "every one in the push," were he elected, and also to the general public promised a recreation pier, free public baths, a free hospital and dispensary, a free "readin'" room and a perennial free lunch. The Pump is just an ordinary city water hydrant, located at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street.

Mere man was denied the pleasures of the Hudson River excursion and of the theatrical shows, but on Labor Day came the turn of the men. A vacant lot in the Ninth near the river front was named Devery Park for the occasion of a monster barbecue. Here a huge charcoal fire was built, over which two whole beefs, each weighing nearly a ton, were roasted. Here a thousand kegs of beer were set up on "horses" as close together as the trees in an orchard, so that no man could get so drunk that he could not reach at least one spigot that would let loose still more of the frothing beverage. And here came 15,000 men to feast and drink.

Mounted on a brewery wagon, Devery addressed his guests, reminding them that he, too, was once a "longshoreman, that he once wore a red shirt (tremendous applause) and pushed a hand truck and swung a bale-hook. His guests shouted themselves hoarse, calling their host "the greatest ever." One of the speakers who introduced Devery—one of the M.D.'s hired by the week to attend the sick of the Ninth—declared Devery a greater man than Carnegie, "for Carnegie gives only books—which poor men cannot eat—while Big Bill fills the dinner pails."

A day, however, that marked the apotheosis of Devery was the day when both the men and the women and children had a "gran' spree" all together. It was "Devery Day" at Rockaway Beach. As usual, everything was free—car fare, frankfurter sausage, milk, beer, merry-go-rounds, dime museums, were "on Devery."

The women of "the Ninth" gave his name to their offspring and kept him busy attending christenings. The parents of every child thus named received from the godfather a ticket good for five dollars' worth of goods at the district furniture dealer's. On the day Devery opened free-ice stations on eight different street corners, many of the holders of credit tickets exchanged them for ice-chests—never having possessed, previously, anything better suited to the purpose than the use of a tub on the fire escape.

One of the labor unions formally endorsed Devery's candidacy, publicly urging "all residents of the Ninth, male and female, to work for him and elect him." Simultaneously a prominent clergyman calls upon the women of the Ninth District to follow the example of the women of the French Revolution, and march through the streets with pokers on their backs to show that they oppose the army of women who wear the Devery button, and who are working for "the Reign of Evil, Satan and Sin."

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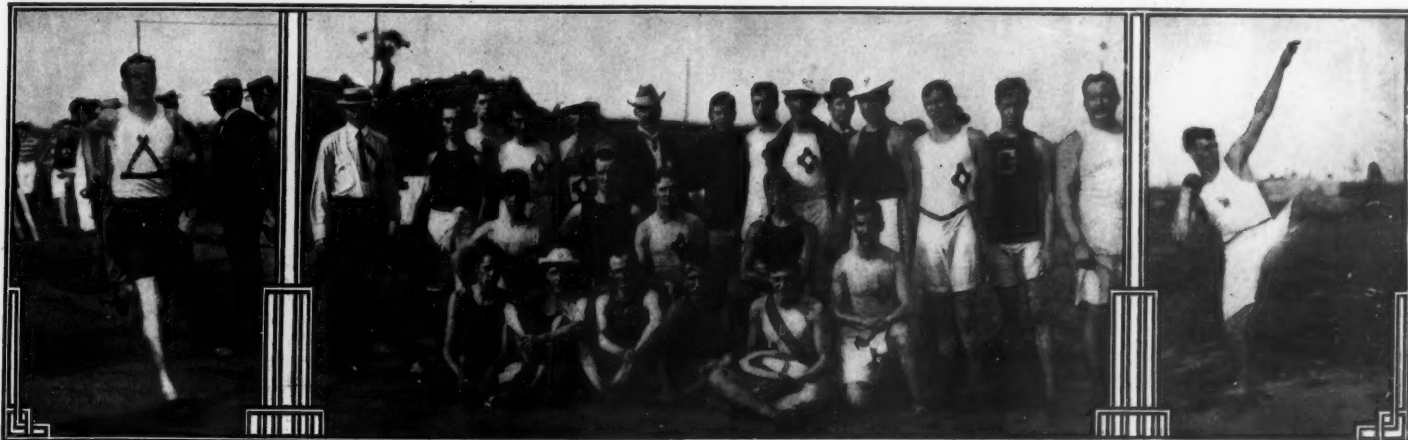
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METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION ATHLETIC GAMES OF THE A. A. U., HELD AT CELTIC PARK, AUGUST 30

METROPOLITAN A. A. U. GAMES



THE annual field meet of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. was held at Celtic Park on August 30, and the athletes of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club showed that the financial difficulties and lack of interest payments on mortgages did not affect their muscular ability or speed; for they won the trophy by 54 points to N. Y. A. C.'s 52½ and Pastime's 51. De Witt of Princeton, representing the Knickerbockers, added to his laurels by beating out Flanagan in the hammer, and Mitchell took another fall out of the N. Y. A. C. man in the 56-pound weight.

NATIONAL TENNIS



On Monday, August 25, the second week of Newport tennis, Huntington continued for a time against Whitman the very excellent work he had performed on Saturday in putting out Little. The two men played along evenly until the set ran into a deuce set, and even at this point, when every one was expecting Whitman to pull it out, Huntington proved himself the better of the two and won the set 10-8. After this, however, Whitman improved, and Huntington, while not going off rapidly, was manifestly not in as good condition as his opponent, and he finally lost the set 6-4. After this it was all over with the veteran, while Whitman was coming more rapidly, with the result that Huntington was beaten 6-1, 6-2.

Ware put up a less satisfactory game when he met H. L. Doherty than when facing Dr. Pim. He by no means had his courts or net as well gauged, and played with far less confidence and dash. The result was that, although he played gamely in the first set and stuck to his work manfully, he finally lost 9-7. Thereafter the younger Englishman had his own way and won two more sets 6-1, 6-2.

On Tuesday, the Casino courts were crowded with some three or four thousand people anticipatory to seeing Malcolm Whitman, the best tennis player America has produced, defeat R. F. Doherty in the same way that he had beaten him less than a month ago on the courts of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge.

As the two men walked out on to the courts, Whitman looked a little drawn. There was a distinct advantage in one of the courts, and the Englishman, having won the toss, elected to take that court, and Whitman began to serve. From the moment he swung his racket the first time it was manifest that he was extremely nervous. Doherty, on the other hand, began far more strongly than he has in any of his important matches since he has been here. There was none of that feeling out gradually before putting on pace and depth, and he took the first game with 4 points to Whitman's 1. On his own service he repeated the same score. On Whitman's service he secured the next game with 5 points to Whitman's 3, and by this time the crowd was silent with consternation. Five straight games the Englishman took, Whitman securing but 7 points in the five games to the Englishman's 21. Then Whitman succeeded in getting a game, but Doherty ran out the next one and took the set 6-1. The second set began with a deuce game, which Whitman finally pulled out. The second was also a deuce game, where Whitman again pulled it out. He was playing much more strongly and with more confidence, and the crowd began to breathe more easily. Not until the fourth game did the Englishman come to the front. Whitman took the fifth, and had four games to the Englishman's one. Doherty took the sixth, making it 4-2; but Whitman took the next, which gave him practically a commanding lead, as the game was going by service. He finally ran out the set, Doherty getting but three games, although the points were far more evenly divided than on the previous set. With the match one set apiece, both men braced to settle the issue.

The heat was beginning to tell on both men, but Whitman especially seemed growing lifeless. He took the first game, but Doherty captured the next two. Whitman struggled hard and gamely, however, and took the following two games, thus giving him a lead of three to two. Then Doherty came very strongly once more, taking the next two games decisively, allowing Whitman but one point on each and turning the score in his favor at 4-3. Whitman took the next, making it 4-4. But Doherty made it 5-4 with another impressive running out, with Whitman at only 15. Whitman fought hard on the next game, which ran up to deuce and vantage, but the Englishman was too determined

for him and finally won it out and the set with it 6-4, giving him a lead of two sets to one. When they came out after the rest there were still enthusiasts who hoped that the American would even it up by taking the fourth set, but Doherty was at his best, and soon had Whitman in trouble. He ran out the first two games with Whitman at 30, the next game with Whitman at love, the next with Whitman at 15, the next with Whitman at 30, and finished up a love set by taking the next, a deuce and vantage game! Whitman's friends were staggered by the ease with which the Englishman put out the man who had beaten him so decisively only a few weeks earlier.

But the surprise of the entire tournament followed on the next day. People had gone home saying it was all up with the Americans, that Larned, the holder of the title, would be practically powerless against the game Doherty was playing, and the betting was all one way. As in Tuesday's match, Doherty won the toss and gave Larned the service, choosing the west court. The match began with Doherty as cool and steady as ever, Larned a little nervous, and, although he won the first game, and played dashing in the second, Doherty succeeded in securing the latter, and the games stood at 1-1. Then Doherty broke through Larned's service, and the crowd began to feel it was all over with the American. Both players began to make errors, and Doherty had the score 3-1. Larned worked up to the net in the fifth, and pulled out the game. Doherty took the sixth. Larned rushed to the net once more in the seventh, and scored the game, and in the eighth, by wonderfully good placing of Doherty's service, brought the score to 4-1. The Englishman took the next game, and excitement was intense. Larned seemed to weaken under the pressure, however, and Doherty won the next and the set 6-4.

Doherty was within a point of securing the first game when Larned began on this style of play and made the game deuce and won it. He took the second, and was going at his best, his shots both from the base line and at the net being simply marvellous. He took the third game at love, making the score 3-0. Although the Englishman secured the fourth game, he could not hold the pace. Larned took the fifth game, making the score 4-1, and followed it up with the sixth, scoring twice on the ball hitting the net and just running over. Larned had the seventh game at 40-15, when Doherty, by a heroic effort, pulled it out, making the games 5-2. But that was the despairing effort, and Larned took the next game and the set 6-2. Larned took the first two games in the next set, but Doherty, by three pretty cross-court strokes, secured the third game, and repeated this by winning his service, making the games 2-4. Doherty seemed to be endeavoring to save himself and relying on getting the ball back rather than forcing himself. He had the fifth game within a stroke when Larned struck his best again, and ran five points in succession and the game.

Confidence in Larned began to grow, and although Doherty started out in the lead in the next game, Larned brought it to deuce. But the Englishman would not be denied, and finally ran out the game. The effort told on him, however, and he was evidently quite near to collapse. Larned, meantime, realizing the situation, was forcing the play as strongly as possible, and giving the Englishman all the work he could. On these tactics he succeeded in winning out the next two games and the set 6-4. Then the players left the court for the rest of seven minutes, and on the return the Englishman seemed a bit freshened up, but Larned was far the stronger. The Englishman took the first game and started well on the second, but Larned brought it up to deuce and won out. Here Doherty showed more evidence of exhaustion, although he carried the third game to deuce. The American then won it and had two games to the Englishman's one.

Every one was on the tiptoe of expectation and nervous excitement; for when Larned plays well he plays very well, and, like the little girl with the curl, when he is bad he is horrid. He was now at his best, and he worked through Doherty's service, taking the fourth game and establishing a commanding lead of 3-1. Doherty got the start on the next game, but Larned stubbornly fought it up to deuce. The Englishman, however, would not be held, and ran it out, making the score 3-2, still in favor of the American. Larned was not going off at all, however, and took the sixth game, making the score 4-2. Doherty, with defeat staring him in the face, went in bravely, and by excellent work secured the seventh game in spite of Larned's service. When he repeated on his own service by taking the eighth game with Larned getting no point at all, making the games 4-1, the hearts of the Americans fell. Larned in his turn came back and took the ninth game, making the games 5-4, with Larned within a single game of the championship and victory over the invincible Doherty. But he could not take the next, Doherty playing with all the gameness that that

veteran has been credited with in all contests. Larned, however, took the next, and was once more within a game of victory. Larned on the next was within two strokes of the coveted success, when Doherty, like a bulldog, kept at it and won it out, making the game 6-4. But the American was far the stronger physically, and the Englishman's bolt was shot! Larned ran out the next two games, the set and the match, and the crowd broke into wild applause. The defeated Doherty was broken physically by the strain, but he received the heartiest sympathy for his game fight.

THE FUTURITY



A WILD-EYED, roaring crowd of some forty thousand people choked with excitement at the moment when Savable and Lord-of-the-Vale went rushing under the wire so nearly level as to make the dollars hang upon the judges' words. Three hundred thousand dollars hung on that dark muzzle that Savable had stuck out before him in that heart-breaking finish, and those who sometimes wonder why people go to horse races knew exactly the reason in those few seconds when hearts literally stood still and lost a beat as the two horses flashed by. The day and the crowd were all that one could wish, and the race was worthy of the conditions. John A. Drake, who nominated Savable for the race in January of 1900, reaped his reward. It was a great day for Sheepshead Bay.

POLO



Waterburys at times played fast polo and the general team work of Westchester was far better than that of Point Judith, the latter being broken up by enforced changes in the team. The score was 12½ to 5½ in favor of Westchester.

On the 30th the Point Judiths enjoyed themselves at the expense of Westchester 3d by knocking no less than 20 goals on the polo field at Newport, while their opponents failed to score. This only goes to show that handicapping cannot entirely equalize certain conditions unless the handicap is so large as to make it impossible to simply carry the ball up and down the field fast enough in the allotted time.

The match between Point Judith and Devon on Thursday, August 28, at Newport, found the Point Judiths playing fully up to their handicaps, earning 15 goals, while Devon could get but 2, resulting in a victory, therefore, for Point Judith, which carried a total handicap of 16 to Devon's 6, by a score of 15 to 12. Owing to an unfortunate accident to Spencer, it was necessary to finish up the game with three men on a side, Brooks retiring from the Point Judith team to balance the loss to Devon of Spencer.

The semi-finals on August 29 for the Newport cups between the two Westchester teams, like the game the day before, resulted in the disabling of one of the players. This time it was W. W. Keith, who, after losing a stirrup, continued on and thus strained his leg. C. A. Munn took his place. The second team thereupon forced the play, and earned 9 goals, Westchester 1st securing but 3. One of the teams contained the two Burdens, Alfred Vanderbilt and Oliver Iselin, and carried a handicap of 9; the other team being made up of Martin, R. C. Vanderbilt, Keith (later Munn) and Carter, carrying handicap of 3.

BAR HARBOR HORSE SHOW



THE Horse Show at Bar Harbor filled the stand and paddock of the Robin Hood track with a brilliant assemblage, and there were some excellent exhibits, notably that in pairs of over 15 hands, which Miss Cassatt won with Charmer and Claire over Mono and Rikwa; Sheriff and Fancy, belonging to Edward Morell, taking third place. Clarence Moore of Chevy Chase Hunt Club made a good exhibit with hunters and hounds.

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FREE ROOF GARDENS FOR THE POOR

By HENRY WILTON THOMAS, Author of "The Last Lady of Mulberry," Etc.

NEW YORK'S quickening thought for a betterment of poverty's lot has found several new and happy forms of expression this summer. The latest is free roof gardens with band concerts for children of the tenement world. Out of the town's harvest of taxation it was decided recently to give back to the poor twenty-five thousand dollars in this way. Though small, the sum has proved adequate to give the undertaking a good start, for the tops of the city's schoolhouses are made to serve the purpose. On these airy planes, far above the buzz and inarticulate wail of the slums, the youngsters hold their high carnival of fun every night but Sunday.

The doings on each roof are of a like gleeful order. Call a thousand urchins from any of the tenement quarters; turn them loose in the cool air, under the stars, where there is room to romp and dance and shout and sing—you will get the same astonishing result whether they hail from Little Hungary, Little Italy, Little Germany, or any of the other "Little" countries that live in the metropolis. Boys over twelve are not invited. They were at the outset; but it was found that the upper air did not soften their manners to the quality needful for good order. One of them tried to soften the nose of a director with his fist. From that moment the policy of a closed door was inaugurated. Now and then an exception is made. This was the case one night when a Boy Over Twelve bent upon taking notes was admitted. With the chattering battalions of children, he was allowed to mount seven flights to the roof of a schoolhouse that stands in the heart of the tenement jungle.

At half-past seven the doors were thrown wide, but long before that hour the eager boys and girls began to assemble. They came from all points or from any school district. There is no restriction in this regard. Most of the girls were clad in a notably neat and becoming manner, with the East Side passion for color uncurbed, of course. But the boys were none too tidy, as a rule; many smaller ones were shoeless, and their raiment consisted of trousers and undershirt. If you kept your eyes on the ground you could see that not a few of those little grimy feet had rags tied round them, telling of cuts from the stone and glass and what-not of the mean streets. Nowhere else did such a remarkable throng ever wait to get into a roof garden. Two policemen tried to keep them in line. As well might they have tried to keep chickens in line. By dint of much lung power and wrathful feints with their nightsticks, they formed them for a time into the semblance of a row; but one end or the other was always breaking up, and the joke was on the big bluecoats.

Some of the girls played little mothers, and lugged babies only a trifle smaller than themselves. Others carried bottles of water or bits of bread, for on the roof refreshment of any kind is yet to be thought of and provided. When the municipal office of restoration to the workers is borne a step further free ice-cream and cake may be served. Here and there in the prattling company was a pair of mites keeping tight hold of hands, just as mother told them to. There was a bearded father with a sick baby in his arms. The children eyed him and looked their pity, for they knew that a boy with a beard and a baby of his own was too old to be let in. But the sentinels at the door shared the little ones' pity, and let him pass when the inrush began.

It was a hot scamper up the staircase, every one making some gift to the vocal hubbub. The little mothers with their baby burdens were outstripped in the race. With each flight attained the air grew closer. At length a cooler breath fanned their faces, and they saw before them a picture of starry sky framed in the woodwork of a wide door.

Pell-mell they piled into the picture and out upon the broad esplanade of the roof, where a breeze was playing, and a brass band as well. About the music-stand chairs were placed, roped in from the promenade. Only a few male for the seats. Most of them, as soon as their feet touched the tile pavement of the roof, joined in singing the popular song that the band gave forth. It was a mighty chorus of shrill voices:

"On a Sunday afternoon,
In the merry month of June,
Take a trip up the Hudson or down the Bay,
Take a trolley to Coney or Rockaway,
On a Sunday afternoon
You can see the lovers spoon;
They work hard on Monday,
But one day is fun-day—
It's Sunday afternoon."

From that moment no one thought of remaining still a second except some small folks in the chairs, who were enchanted with the doings of the drummer, and the man with the sick baby. The drummer knew how to delight his admirers. By his side was a black bag that held an endless store of such wonders as cowbells, rackets, locomotive whistles and a reed that he could make cry like a baby. At unexpected moments he produced them and made them sound, and he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as his gleeful auditors. The band was a detachment of the Old Guard musicians. Mr. Bent, the leader, put himself in the hands of the children. They could have any tune that they called for, and there was never any lull in the demand. They flocked around the stand and clamored for such popular compositions as "Rip Van Winkle," "Stay in Your Own Back Yard," "Ain't Dat a Shame," A warm favorite was "Smoky Mokes." When they got that a grand cake-walk set in at once all over the place. The waltzes and polkas were stepped in a manner that showed the youngsters to be graduates of the sidewalk dancing academy that flourishes in every tenement district. The thumping melodies of Giovanni's street piano is the music their feet are most accustomed to, but here was luxury from the instruments of men who played for the silken and jewelled dancers of the Old Guard Ball. When they are all in motion it is one of the sights of civilization. Twelve hundred sprites of the slums swirling, skipping, hopping, leaping, doing anything but stand still! It was a wind-tossed chaparral of bare arms and legs abloom with flowery colors.

A like scene is spread to the eye on several other school tops. It means that armies of children are drawn from the poisoned air of the squalid streets where life, as a grim joke, has destined them to live. Happy provision of the reform administration!

At one stage of the romp it was attempted to clear the promenade that a foot-race might be run, but the policeman, the director and his two aids were unequal to the task. It was impossible to keep the boys and girls off the track. The idea that the place is theirs to enjoy as they please has taken root, and they refused to be ordered about. A group of tumblers, let loose from the free gymnasium in the basement, turned flips until they were tired, and nobody minded much. The important thing was to see that the band obeyed orders.

At last came the patriotic airs that tokened the end of the evening's delight. Hundreds of the children were able to sing the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner"—no common achievement, these days. In the world of naturalization American citizenship is often taken quite solemnly. The band's final strain was "Home, Sweet Home." There was no mockery in the old tune, though it did signal the children's return to their deplorable tenements. Instantly they were capering downstairs as blithely as they had come up.

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WALL STREET FARMERS

THE BIG Wall Street operators in grain and provisions are the best informed farmers of the country, remarks a recent writer on modern industrial conditions; and abundant evidence shows that there is something more than the proverbial grain of truth in this picturesque generalization.

For instance, there is a group of Wall Street farmers who have on the tips of their tongues all available statistics concerning the wheat, corn, and provision crops of this country for the past twenty years; and the glib way in which they can roll off figures extending into the millions and billions is interesting if not edifying. But it should not be surmised that their knowledge of crop conditions begins and ends with their ability to recall crop statistics. Their intimate knowledge of matters concerning the actual farming conditions of the country is their chief working capital. It puts them in close touch with the mainsprings of the world's prosperity.

Operating in grain and provisions is not altogether a game of chance. It may be largely so for the small curbstone speculators and operators on margin; but for the group of "big" farmers in Wall Street it is something far different. Of course they will sometimes combine to corner the market in certain products, but that is only an incidental feature of their business. Their real purpose in life is to watch the movement of crops and study agricultural conditions in every part of the world; and then, with a hand on the pulse of the world's industrial and productive life, they know when to buy and sell.

Crop news and conditions are the great primary factors in causing prices to advance or recede. All other rumors and factors are secondary to these. If the crops fail simultaneously in different parts of the world the prices of food products will eventually soar skyward, and the Wall Street farmers then go into the market and buy liberally. They are like the Israelites who predicted the famine in Egypt and stored up an abundance in advance. If the big Wall Street farmers do not produce crops, they certainly regulate prices in advance so that the storm is predicted long before it reaches the consumer. It is the business of the operators to know long beforehand that a crop shortage is impending. Advancing prices gradually check consumption, and thus the worst features of a famine are averted.

In order to interpret the conditions of the day, the Wall Street farmer must have at his command reliable and widespread sources of information, so that he can act in advance of the multitude of small dealers. So many false rumors and reports concerning crop conditions are circulated that it is bewildering to many to know what to believe and what to reject. Newspaper "faking" cannot hold a candle to crop "faking."

But the true Wall Street farmers—the heavy dealers in agricultural products—do not often lend themselves to such small practice. The actual fluctuations of crops by natural causes afford sufficient data for their operations.

The government crop reports always affect the condition of prices, and speculation concerning these monthly figures always makes the end of the month interesting to those buying and selling in the open market. But while the government uses every possible means to keep such secrets from the public, the reports are usually discounted in advance, especially by the big Wall Street farmers. This is because they arrange to secure in advance of the government experts crop news which they know to be reliable.

FOOD

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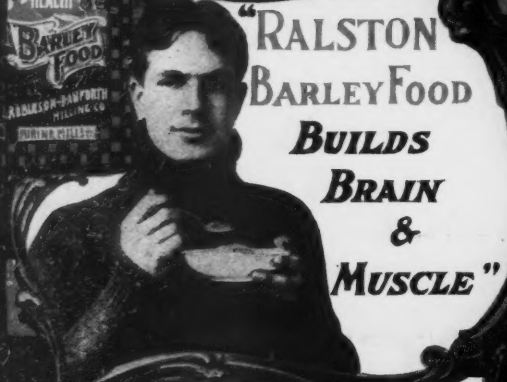
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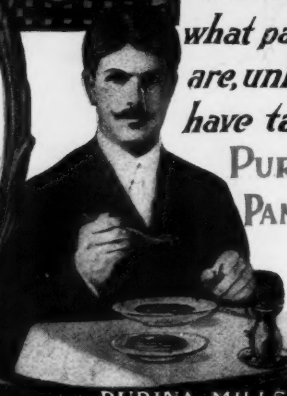
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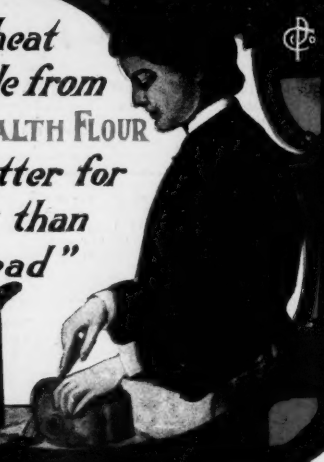


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